

JULY 21 — 27, 1979

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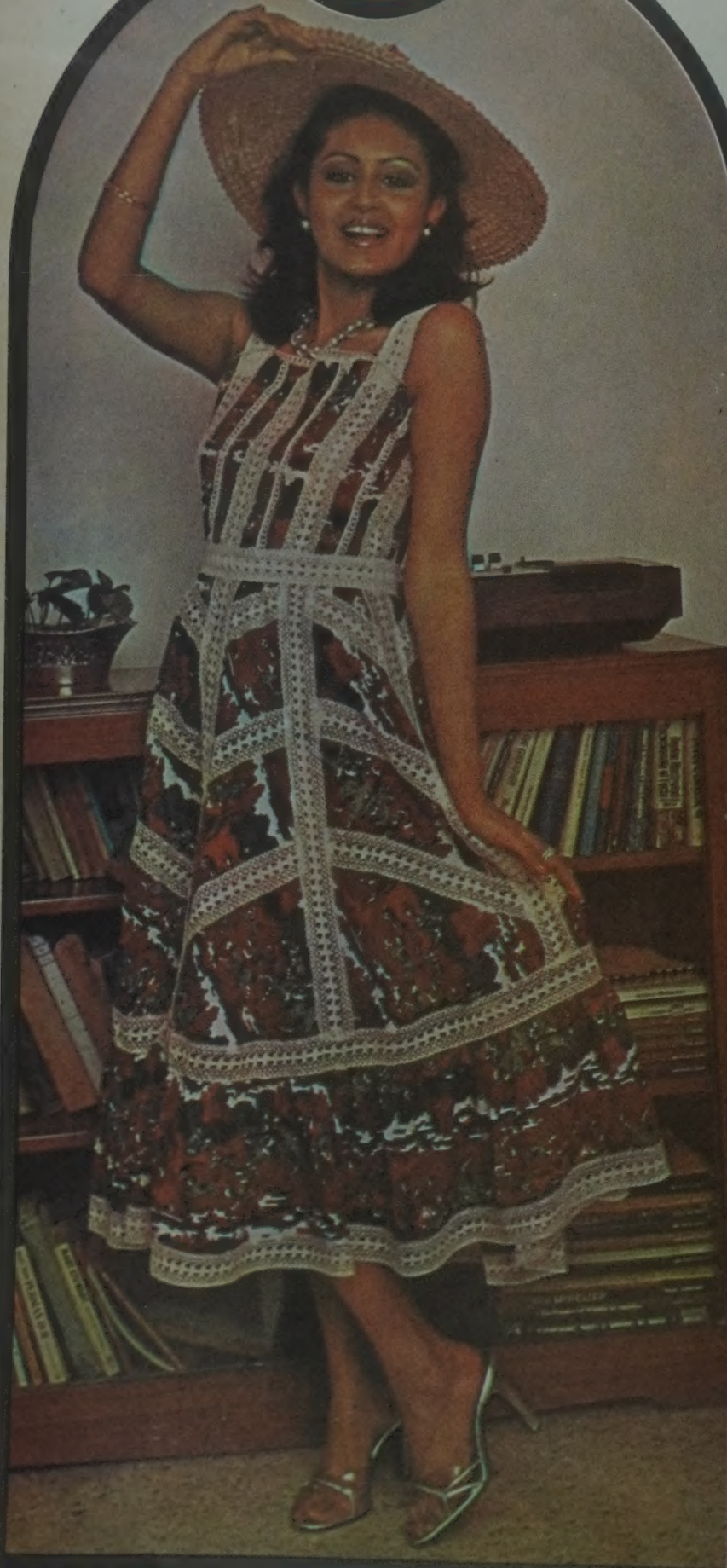
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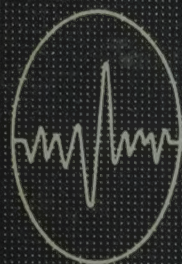
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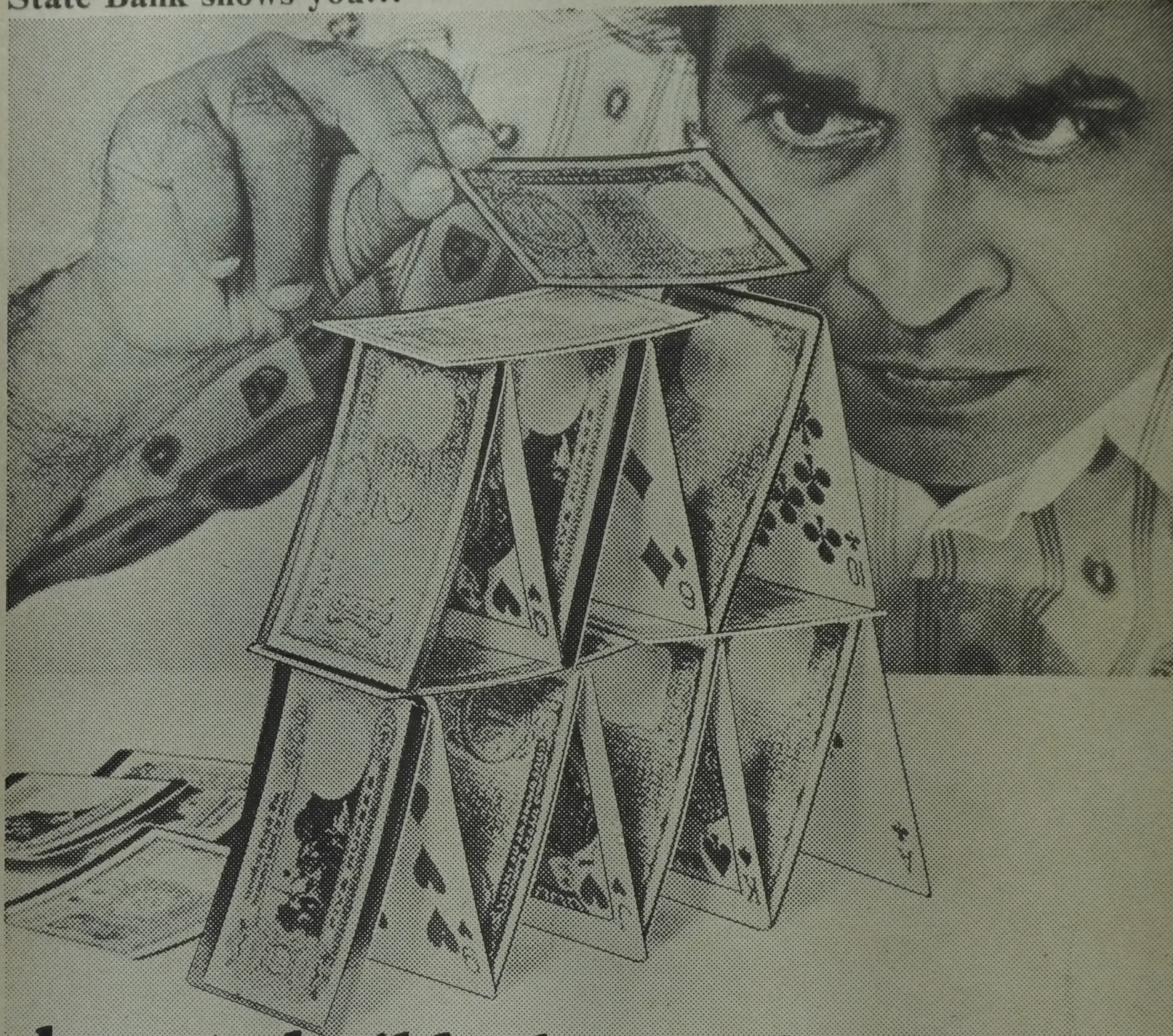
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NUTAN GUPTA

Born in Ahmedabad — August 27, 1956. Completed her S.S.C. from G.D.P. Vidhyalaya, Bombay. A graduate of the Chowgle College, Goa. Specialized in Philosophy and Psychology. Now a fashion co-ordinator with an export firm in Delhi. Designs clothes for herself and friends and enjoys designing special clothes for kids.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

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THIS WEEK

JULY 21 — JULY 27, 1979

EROTIC THEMES IN INDIAN FOLKLORE

So colourful, they could make one blush, but erotic songs and riddles are an interesting and legitimate part of our cultural heritage and have definite psychological and sociological significance besides.
Page 10.



THE SHUTTERED ONES

The treatment of mental illness has till recently been harsh, consisting more of isolating or locking up the afflicted person than exploring the possibilities of restoring him or her to normalcy. A visit to the women's ward of a mental asylum.
Page 12.

DEATH EDUCATION

Sex education one has heard of, but death education? Well, it seems from a survey that children have more ideas on death than one would imagine and talking to them about it could help put these into perspective.
Page 20.

THE LIQUOR LADIES

In Goa, drinking is so much a part of normal, everyday life that everyone takes it in their stride. Under the circumstances, there is no social stigma on women bar-tenders.
Page 38.

ALSO

Film Interview : Vinod Mehra, everybody's younger brother — **Page 19**
Children's Story: "Ramu and the post-box" — **Page 21** Human Interest Story: A family rallies around a handicapped son and colourful are the results — **Page 23** "My Darling Clementina": Part IV of the Mills & Boon serialization — **Page 28** Step by Step Cookery: Boti Seekh — **Page 34** Women in Focus: Shyamala Chandran — **Page 37.**

REGULAR FEATURES

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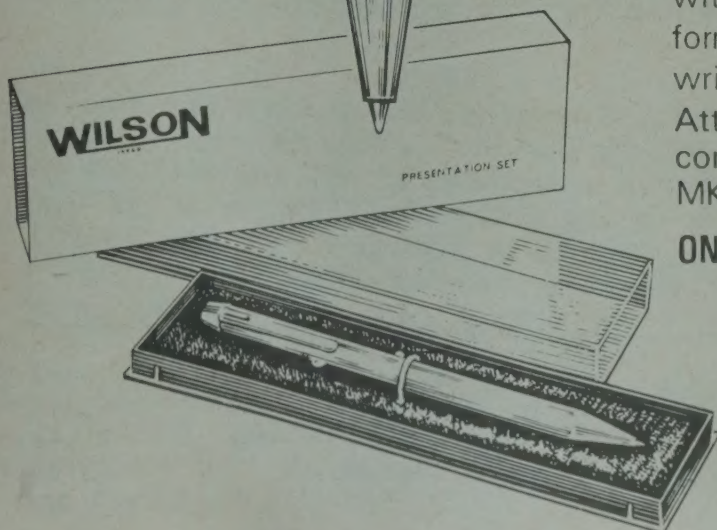
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1st PRIZE

GO HOME, BRIDEGROOM!

Recently a news item appeared in the papers which is worth taking note of. In a village near Rohtak a marriage was to be held. After the reception of the 'barat' the bridegroom looked at the dowry and demanded the addition of a T.V. and a scooter. This enraged the bride's parents who refused to go ahead with the marriage rituals. They even made the bridegroom's people pay back Rs. 5,600 for the presents worth that amount, given to them, when the marriage was arranged.

This is really commendable — more so, because it comes from our rural counterparts. Should we take this as the first step towards the eradication of the evil dowry system? We the liberated and the educated, should also shed our false sense of pride and fight for our dignity and self-respect against calculating, greedy people. We should not bear with everything silently for fear of disapproval from society. But, I feel, society itself is waiting for someone to give the lead. Someone who will break the first link of this tight shackle.

Nothing is impossible to achieve. After all, Rome, too, wasn't built in a day. The time is not far when it will become the order of the day that bridegrooms will not dare ask for dowry for fear of being rejected by the determined parents of the bride.

NEELAM DUTTA, Dehradun.

Great! It feels good to hear of such incidents. If the 'little people' in the countryside can do it, those in the cities should be able to do it, too. If the girls and their parents put up a united front and refuse to be intimidated, all the bridegrooms, and their parents, will learn a lesson. . .

2nd PRIZE

CHANGE THE NAME

The Women's Lib Movement of the West has damaged the chances of emancipation of women in developing countries. It has frightened policy makers and change agents (mostly men) in the latter countries into believing that any measures incorporated for freeing women 1) might result in a break-up of families and homes and in a larger number of divorce cases, as women will seek jobs outside homes; 2) will mean neglect of children and loss of age-old values and that there will be no room for femininity; and 3) will increase the aspirations of women to such an extent that home life will become miserable, and there will be a constant dilemma about sharing duties inside and outside the home.

The need in developing countries for liberating women is really to equip them with the strengths needed to overcome their vulnerability — whether it is to have control over their bodies, or resist exploitation by men, by economic and social forces, by employers or others. So the name for the movement in developing countries such as ours should really be "Self Reliance for Women". This interpretation is more realistic, has less culture shocks and is more easy to understand and act upon.

Why not change over immediately?

MRS. PADMA
RAMACHANDRAN, Thailand

Call it what you will, liberation is the name of the game. If the goals remain the same, even a term like "self-reliance" will "frighten" the men. As far as "culture shock" is concerned, all we can say is: well, why not?

3rd PRIZE

HOW NOW HOLY COW?

It is rather a sad state of affairs that a cow should hold this country in its grip while hundreds of thousands of our population go unnoticed, lacking even in the basic amenities of food, clothing and shelter.

While most of our people have to live in squalid conditions where they do not even get one square meal a day, let alone clothing and shelter, where they have to face repressions and humiliations by the rich, the landlords and the politicians, a mere animal finds its way into the Concurrent List!

The advocates of ban on cow slaughter would say that a cow ("gowmata") is a sacred animal for the Hindus and by slaughtering it they are going against the very norms of Hinduism. But these very same people wouldn't hesitate to slaughter pigs, goats, chickens, to satisfy their carnivorous appetite. In what way is the cow superior to these animals that it should enjoy this privileged position? If the objection is merely religious, then the Muslims should have an equal right to ban pig slaughter, and the Jains to ban slaughter of all animals.

It is only in our country that we find ourselves in this ridiculous position of having the cow placed above man.

R. ROHINI, New Delhi
'Cow slaughter', as we know it today, is a political issue. And, religion has, through centuries, been the convenient scapegoat for politicians. If we call ourselves 'free' and 'independent', we should act in accordance, don't you think?

WARM PASSAGE

The various procedures adopted at childbirth have hardly changed during the last quarter century. What is really needed is a process which will make the transition of a baby, from the womb to this world, as gradual and painless as possible. To this end a group of doctors in U.S.A. used an operating theatre fitted with shaded lamps to obtain candle-soft lighting. Their intention was to avoid the use of bright lamps which are a major source of agony for the newborn emerging from the darkness of the womb.

Going a step further, the doctors placed these new-born babes immediately, with uncut umbilical cords, in warm water at 39°C — the mother's body temperature. Since the water cooled gradually, it gave the babies sufficient time to acclimatize themselves to the lower temperature of the outside world. Additionally, the buoyancy within the water creates a pleasant feeling of weightlessness for the baby which is just beginning to be conscious of its own weight.

Compare the comfort of the baby born in this manner to the plight of one born under normal delivery procedure. The first is undoubtedly a more graceful way of bringing a child into this world. What is more, the procedure is simple, natural and human. Why do we, then, unless we are fanatics of antiseptic scientific ways, ignore innovations like this?

PONNANNA L.T.
Mysore

Yes, all this "taking care" does make sense. But, it isn't as if new-born babies are neglected in our better hospitals. The 'have-nots' among the mothers still suffer and it would be enough if their babies were brought into the world safely and 'humanely'.



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More mothers use Surf than any other washing powder.

READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

TRANSFERRED!

In her article, "Low Priority for Wife's Career" (June 2), Amita Sarwal has ably discussed the problems faced by a family being shunted from place to place. My father is an engineer in the C.P.W.D. I have seen how much my mother has sacrificed for the family because of my father's transferable job. She could not work only because of the frequent transfers. The standards of education are not the same all over India, so our education also suffered. Corruption and nepotism multiply the difficulties of these families. Those who can pull strings can get transfers to the places of their choice and others suffer in remote areas. At least a few years before retirement, government employees should be posted to the place of their choice.

SUDHEER, New Delhi.

TRANSFERS MEAN PROMOTION!

The article, "Low Priority For Wife's Career" (June 2), by Amita Sarwal, was neatly done. But generally transfers happen when an employee is elevated to a higher post. A new assignment offers a challenge to the capabilities of an individual and any prudent and ambitious man will undoubtedly grab the opportunity disregarding his domestic problems. It is also true that a considerate and thoughtful working wife, dedicated to sound ethical standards, will not mind resigning her job and accompanying the husband to the place of transfer if the situation warrants it. No doubt the situation becomes critical when the woman has a career of her own which has been built up whole-heartedly. But everything has its price in this world. Even promotions. So, obviously, the transferee has to sacrifice either his future or his wife's career or else accept the transfer willingly and face the separation in the interest of his wife's career.

ANIL S. KAMAT SHANKHWALKER,
Vasco-Da-Gama.

TAKING ANOTHER'S LIFE

Your articles on capital punishment by Malti Singh and Bharat Savur (June 2) were persuasive in their plea to all civilized countries to do away with the death sentence no matter how severe the crime. Most murderers have some motive behind their murders and once their object of opposition is done away with, it is unlikely that they will repeat the action unless they are instigated. Anyway, what right have we, the law or the police to take another man's life? In fact, to put an end to life is a crime, according to the rules of justice. It is for this very reason that committing suicide is a crime, since it is a form of murder. And anyhow, what guarantee is there to prove beyond all doubt that a person is the real murderer?

Perhaps the only ones who should be awarded death sentences are those incurable maniacs who by the very fact that they cannot be held responsible for their actions are a threat to society and should be eliminated for the greater security of the nation.

R. ROHINI, C/o 56 APO.

NO GARBAGE DUMP

"Slogans do not keep a city clean" by Rochelle D'Souza (June 9) was a relevant article, and one to which each individual citizen should pay heed. However, I would like to bring it to the notice of the Municipal Corporation that there is no regular constructed and covered garbage dump around the area of Hughes Road, nor is there a mobile dust bin seen around the locality. The tendency of many of the residents is to throw the waste into the back lanes, where it accumulates and becomes a breeding ground for disease carriers.

MEERA KHURANA, Bombay.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF JULY 28

ROYAL REMINISCENCES

What are the erstwhile maharajas and maharanis doing today? Have their lifestyles and attitudes been much affected by the withdrawal of the privy purses and their royal titles?

"DIVORCED" CHILDREN

Even today, few would dispute the fact that no one emerges from a divorce unscathed — neither the adults concerned nor their children. The results of a micro study recently conducted in Delhi to determine the effects of family disintegration on children.

WIMBLEDON'S WOMEN, 1979

A review of this year's women's tournaments, which had several exciting moments.

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Erotic themes are one of the two fundamental forms of folk literature. Sacred themes are the other. The former include narratives, riddles, songs sung when working, love songs, sexual and drinking songs.

In traditional songs, riddles, and proverbs of rural India, the forbidden zone of sex is talked of in symbolic terms; in erotic riddles it is done by suggestive answers. Typical examples of songs based on sex are mazaaki songs, comic songs, songs about husband and wife, songs about devar-bhabhi, sali-jiji, abusive songs, songs about in-laws and khayals. Here, all songs, riddles and proverbs which evoke sensory pleasure or entertain are grouped as erotic.

SOCIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPLICATIONS

For rural men as well as women, folklore is integrated with recreation. The wide variety of themes afford opportunities for performance which are considered to be activities to enjoy and also social obligations. In cities there are many sources of recreation and so folklore has been pushed into the background. But in rural areas there are set occasions when people take part in singing songs and telling riddles, etc. Non-participation is disapproved, and those participating are greatly admired. Persons are respected and acknowledged for their expertise in folklore. The masses are strangers to the written word and there are no theatres, circuses, etc. So their folklore (in the form of songs, stories, ballads, riddles and proverbs) comprises their recreation. Group participation in itself induces relaxation from the routine of their hard life.

WHY INDULGENCE IN EROTIC THEMES?

A culture endures if it not only expresses and perpetuates the social norms and values of people, but also expresses their individual feelings and motivations. Erotic themes are social as well as personal. It has been said that smut is the salt of talk, and some scholars are trying to prove that vulgarity is creative. This question concerns deep-rooted human instincts. But one thing is certain, erotic themes are very popular in rural areas, in the North as well as in the South, in the East as well as in the West.

"GAALI" AND "BYAYI" SONGS

There are songs which are sung at ceremonies and on special occasions. This category includes songs of rebuke, "gaali" to the members of the bride's and bridegroom's families. Similarly, songs of "byayi" or in-laws are sung during wedding ceremonies. In Punjab, Haryana, Rajasthan, Gujarat, Madhya Pradesh and Uttar Pradesh these songs are sung with great enthusiasm. Besides marriage, they are also sung at other times like the visit of a son-in-law to his in-laws and at the subsequent meetings of in-laws, "samdhis".

These gaali and byayi songs consist of teasing and jocular picturisation of the members of the bride's and bridegroom's parties. Double meanings and sex are the principal themes of such songs. These songs are generally sung by women but sometimes men also sing them. Many a time even four-letter words are used.

A typical example given below is sung after the sacred seven pheras are performed and the atmosphere of the wedding lightens and people relax. The bride's people, especially women, sing these songs.

"O wife of byayiji! O my sweetheart, when byayiji slept, thieves came and took you away.

"Oh maljadi, lift up your veil, make my heart happy.

"O my byanji, let me play chess on your breast..."

The byayiji is the father, uncle or other male relative of the bridegroom and byanji is his mother, aunt or other female relative. For the bridegroom's party the bride's male and female relatives are the byayiji and byanji. These local terms are used for the Hindi word "samdhis", the in-laws. The song is self-explanatory. The last line of this song symbolizes petting and courtship.

In the songs of "gaali" and "byayi", the humour lies in their erotic theme. In these songs one party makes the people of the

EROTICISM IN

Dr. Manju Bhatnagar



other the butt of ridicule and teasing. Such songs describe stereotyped distorted images. While in actual day-to-day life the in-laws avoid each other, they enjoy making fun of each other through these traditional songs.

Although the bride's relatives respect the bridegroom's relatives, singing these songs gives them a chance to make fun of his party. Sometimes the songs depict the image of a relative as he or she treats the bride. If a bride is loved by the in-laws, their image is portrayed as ideal, otherwise it is quite full of dirty words!

Khayals, which are based on love and sex, are enjoyed by men as well as by women. All castes sing khayals. Hence they are the most favourite songs in rural India. In the khayal given below a woman expresses anger and sexual frustration. The tension caused by a wrongly arranged marriage is clear in its content:

My father-in-law works in Kota city

He sends dresses for mother-in-law.

O my mother-in-law! I have wasted my youth,

Girls younger than me have children on their laps

To give birth to a son, is a deep desire of my heart...

Through references to father-

in-law and married friends the youthful wife emphasises her wish for a husband's sexual prowess. She wishes to be like her mother-in-law who gets gifts from her far away husband. She desires passionate love from her husband, of which he is incapable.

There are hundreds of these folk songs which reveal this longing for sex and offspring. The following khayal reveals similar feelings of a young woman whose husband is an old man. This song uses an analogy in which the female body is compared to soil:

I was married in childhood, he is not suitable,

The farm needs a farmer, the earth needs seeds,

EROTICISM IN RURAL FOLKLORE ACTS AS A KIND OF ESCAPE VALVE FOR THE TABOO ON SEX TALK THAT SOCIETY HAS TRADITIONALLY IMPOSED

The love thirst of a lonely woman is the subject of many songs. In some of them youth is compared to a flooded river, the husband is referred to as the dam. In one such song the need of the husband's physical nearness is mirrored very beautifully. It says:

I can jump over a well, I can't cross an ocean.

O bhabhiji, how come this handkerchief of my husband is in your room?

O bhabhiji how did it come to be on your bed?

O devarani, neither your son came here nor your daughter,

O devarani, in the middle of the night devariya came to me.

O bhabhiji, forget this coming

Answer: Balance, with its plates and the middle rod.

Riddle: "Husband's long, wife's wide."

Answer: Turban and dupatta.

FUNCTIONS OF EROTIC THEMES

Why do people take pleasure in such erotic themes? Why do they like dirty talk? Because sex activity is always pleasurable. Through using four-letter words in songs and erotic themes, sexual pleasure becomes socially approved. The taboo on sex talk in daily life is compensated by the singing of such songs which convey the wish to have sexual relations. Riddles about the sex act and sex organs also come under this category. By providing occasions for such smut in the form of songs and riddles, Indian folklore meets the need for escape valves for sexual repression. The universality of such erotic themes indicates that society recognises the legitimacy of the desire for sex. Erotic folklore therefore serves as an outlet for repressed passions that otherwise would lead to sexual aggression that would destroy the surface stability of rural family life.

Erotic themes are as much a part of traditional Indian folklore as are the sacred themes. The continuity and repetition of erotic themes present ready-made channels for the expression of the basic needs of individuals. Through them rural folk give expression to their subconscious desires to defy social controls and moral norms. They satisfy deep-seated desires of individuals.

Participation in the singing of songs and asking of the riddles also increases social and mental contacts between different castes and classes. Whatever political and economic differences there may be, folklore reduces the differentiation.

Easing of sexual tension in actual life is one of the most important functions of erotic folklore. Besides this, erotic themes amuse and help pass time without any violation of moral codes. And their refreshing candour has a healthy effect on the men and women of our villages. They indicate and encourage a robust attitude to sex which is much healthier, than the furtive games in which city folk indulge.

INDIAN FOLK-LORE

A girl of twelve years needs a young husband...

Apart from sexual frustration, erotic themes portray sexual enjoyment also. Villagers find much pleasure in both singing these songs and in listening to them. The following song describes the female body in symbolic ways. It is sung by men.

O fair woman! let us listen to the sweet noise of your anklets.

O fairy! Your duppatta is pink, its glittering border is peculiar.

O fair woman! your bodice is of net, its oranges are peculiar...

How much a song excites the rural mind can be found by the frequency of its singing. The popularity of erotic themes indicates that such songs serve as an escape valve from the hardships of daily life. They amuse as well as stimulate the rustics — both men and women. Symbolism is a highly used device in the folklore of India. In the above mentioned song breasts are symbolized by oranges.

Songs of separation also contain erotic themes. The symbolism is often derived from nature as a woman sees it around her. Through symbols she forcefully describes the pangs of separation. Indian folklore suggests that women of rural areas are more sensitive to nature than urban women. To the separated woman, when the husband is not at home, even spring causes depression.

I can keep an infant, I can't keep the youth.

Love and separation are the two dominant themes in folk songs. These songs indicate the insecurity of the separated woman as well as her physical needs. The popularity of such songs among women can be understood in terms of female psychology. Though cultural conditions influence a woman's attitudes and behaviour, it is also true that separation is more cruel on the wife than on the husband. Erotic themes therefore are mostly sung by women. For a woman, maturity, puberty, marriage, pregnancy and childbirth are more meaningful than they are to a man.

The songs of "devar-bhabhi" also contain erotic themes. Their relationship is informal and affectionate. In the family of in-laws, for a bride, the husband's younger brother, the devar, is privileged to have a light-hearted relationship with an easy access to her. In the joint family of villages he is the only adult male with whom a bride can communicate. Because he is younger than her husband, he can enter the house without her having to use the purdah. Some of those songs depict an incestuous relationship between a devar and his bhabhi. Their intimacy causes anger in the devar's wife. The following example shows such jealousy. This khayal is a dialogue between a devarani (devar's wife) and her jethani (the bhabhi of devar).

and going of your devariya, otherwise I'll taste poison

O devarani, if you die, you'll lose your life, my love can't die."

DOUBLE-ENTENDRE RIDDLES

Besides these folk songs with erotic themes, there are proverbs and riddles. These form two important sub-forms of Indian folklore. They communicate knowledge to the illiterate rural people. They are educational and informative, but their primary aim is to entertain their listeners. Many of them deal with sex and love. There are many riddles about the human body and sexual organs. The questions or answers are couched in double-entendres.

These riddles are asked when women collect in the afternoon after the morning's work is over or when they sit and chat in the evenings if they get time to relax, or when they are spinning or cleaning grain in a group. A few examples are given here:

Riddle: "By putting chests together, putting waists together, red is put in, white is poured out."

Answer: Wheat that is powdered in hand-grinding stones.

Riddle: "When the husband comes, the wife opens."

Answer: Dustarkhan, the cloth spread to serve food.

Riddle: "Two round, one long."

The massive sun-washed gates hold people in, as effectively as they keep me out. Through a small window in the gate, a pair of eyes stare steadily at me. They must have watched me as I walked the long path up to the door. Three days in a row, I walk up to the gates, without being able to get in. Every day the eyes are there, watching, watching. I am not sure they are the same pair of eyes, they could be different women in there but they look out for the same reason — to catch a glimpse of the world outside the narrow confines of their compound which encompasses the female wards.

Two out of the three days, a little boy sits there, on a small round stone just outside the big gates, waiting with the sullen patience only a child can have. The gates had opened for him even on the first day, but the larger gates of his happiness are still closed. He had run away from home to visit his mother and take her back. The visit is over, his mother might not go back with him just yet, but he must return. His father has been informed and is coming to fetch him today. And despite his patience, the boy knows both despair and fear. He will have to return to a motherless home, where his father will thrash him for running away, after stealing Rs. 40 besides, for train fare and food. He knows what it will be like. It has happened before. His head bent to his knees, the boy draws consecutive circles on the sandy ground with a pointed finger.

CHRONIC CASES

The fourth day. I have at last, after assurances that the name of the hospital will not be mentioned, that no criticism will be levelled, assurances made to the Medical Superintendent with every intention of honouring the former and none whatsoever of respecting the latter, been allowed to enter the ward. The big gates slide reluctantly open. White sari-ed, sullen faced attendants stare at me, wondering what the purpose of my visit is. The gates close behind me. I am in the asylum.

The trees outside, leafy, flowering, with the first fragrance of summer still on them. I had hardly noticed them, though I walked the long tree-lined path slowly. In the stark brightness of the ward, I remember their leafy coolness. Then, realise with a start that there is no dearth of

THE SHUTTERED ONES: WOMEN IN A MENTAL ASYLUM

Sathya Saran



trees in the compound either. It is only the desolation on the faces of the women I see that has caused the vision of treeless barrenness.

The female ward (uncouth name) houses about 250 patients. Of ages ranging from puberty to senility. They people the compound with their presence, ghostly figures wearing grey one piece shifts that were once white, or sarees that they obviously use as towels, kerchiefs and bandages. "From ten in the morning to noon the patients are allowed to roam freely in the compound," my guide, Mrs. K., a social worker employed in the task of rehabilitating these women, tells me. After lunch, they are locked into their respective wards, unless someone wants to remain out. "They can come out in the evening again, for a while," she adds.

I walk around the compound. Girls giggle and smile shyly as we approach, one complains that she has not been able to sleep, another says she wants to go home. An old woman approaches, peers closely at me, shakes her head and walks away.

In the first ward we visit, the beds stand neatly in two parallel rows. Some of the beds are occupied. We approach one, and the young girl in it moves her head to see us, sits up and smiles. A quiet, soft smile. Her hair is uncombed and fuzzy, a contrast to the neat heads of most of the other girls.

"You haven't combed your hair today, why what's the matter?" my guide enquires quite kindly. The girl makes a face, and lifts her hands to her rumpled hair. The sheet covering her body falls as she moves and I see the blood stains on her dress.

"She has hallucinations," my guide tells me, seeing my fixed gaze. "She feels someone is near her, and starts hitting out at herself."

Then, turning to the girl she asks, "Why, look what you have done to yourself, you must be hurt."

The girl smiles again, and folds her hands in a namaste. "She is a retarded child, the daughter of a college professor," my guide tells me, as we move away. Poor professor, I think, teaching hundreds of students each year, while your own daughter languishes in this bed, beyond your help.

We pass on to the wards where the patients who are not able to look after themselves are kept. There are no beds here, only a

mattress laid out on the floor, for each woman. And not in neat rows either. "Many are chronic cases, who might never go home, never be cured."

The biggest shock to my already startled senses is the solitary confinement ward. A room with four bare walls, iron bars on one side, a latrine pan in one corner, and a tap. And a woman sitting in one corner, back against the wall, singing. A gay, joyfully tuneless song, that speaks what she cannot tell — of days passed in joy. It is still only the beginning of summer. Already, though, my throat is parched with the need to drink a cool draught of water. And this woman, and others like her, will spend this summer, when temperatures touch 110 degrees or more, in this ill-protected cell!

BEYOND SENSITIVITY

The thought is enough to dry any tears of sympathy that might have welled up in my eyes. The searing heat of that thought keeps me awake long into the night on my soft, cool bed. Conditions in the mental hospital wards are far from perfect. The solitary confinement ward is a small hell, only the mentally ill can fail to feel its terrors. The bedless wards are not exactly overcrowded, but 25 or more mentally ill persons in one room is a lot of people. There is too much confusion.

But then, what is a room to those who live in the tightly locked world of their mind? In the wards there is little concept of night or day. As I walk the wards through the many days taken to research this article, I discover that time has no meaning here. Sleep comes whenever it wishes, or when a potent tranquilliser is administered, either willingly or forcibly. And singing, dancing, crying, the patients live through the hours... each hour an eternity, all eternity but an hour, passed too briefly.

The patients, however, have some sort of routine to follow. Meals are one routine which binds them and makes them aware of time, unless, of course, they are beyond all communication. Then there is the routine of "lock up" every night. And a twice-a-week bath: changing cloths is possible only once a week. But that is also no guarantee of cleanliness. For how can one who has no control over her mind control her actions? Or take care of such incidentals as clothing?

Try as they might, cleanliness is hard to maintain here. A woman sits straddling a nala, trying to defecate. I turn my eyes away in shame for her who is beyond such sensitivity. Another laughs and sings in tune to the loud speaker that blares film songs every morning to the inmates of the mental asylum. She wanders around quite oblivious of her stained clothes. Two men who are in the compound to repair a broken wire that connects a loud speaker, turn their eyes away too. Being themselves inmates of the men's ward, they are sympathetic and not at all shocked or surprised. The doctor accompanying them is equally disinterested. Only I am disturbed.

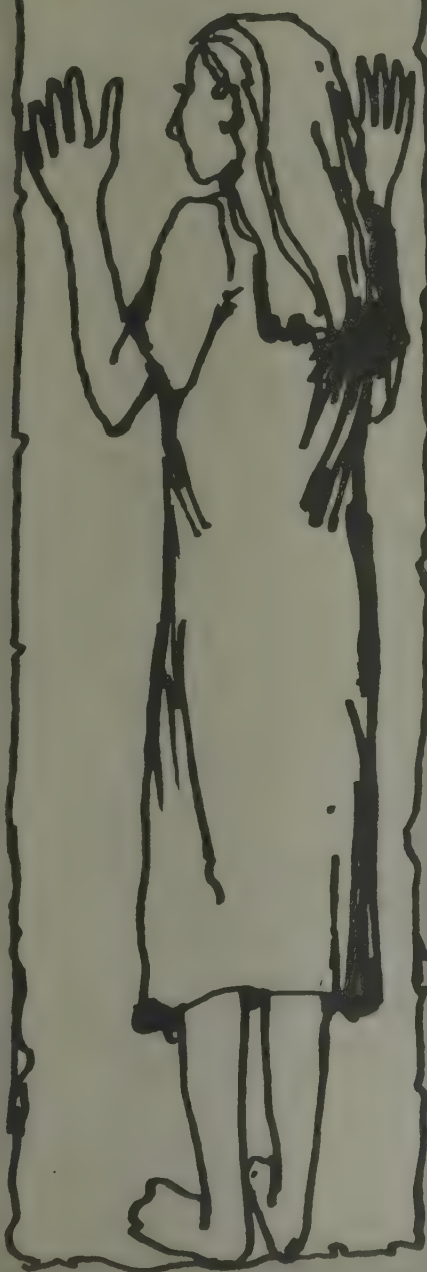
The condition of the wards might not be perfect, but it is still somewhat better than those in government hospitals. But conditions might get worse as days go on due to paucity of accommodation and an increase in the number of patients. A patient is admitted into the asylum for treatment under two conditions: She (or he) can be a voluntary boarder, or a certified case sent in by the Government under the Lunacy Act. The voluntary boarders in the hospital are few. Most are certified cases, sent in by magistrates or by the family of the patient.

VOLUNTARY BOARDER

Little Raju who sat patiently outside the gate for his father to take him home lives in a circle like the one he had been drawing when I first saw him. His mother, a voluntary boarder, has been living out a circle of existence that moves between the asylum and her home.

I meet Shalinibai, the mother. She is small built, dark, her hair glistens with oil and her forehead is decorated with a large, red tikka. Obviously Shalini is proud of her married status. Her words confirm it. Shalini has been in and out of the asylum for the past five years. "The first time was when my fourth kid was six months old," she says, with mathematical precision. According to Shalinibai, she can feel an attack coming on; then, "I take the first train to this place, for I know I can be cured here, and made fit to take up my responsibilities again," she says. The cure includes talks with a psychiatrist, shock treatment, and drugging, but Shalinibai is willing to take

**VICTIMS OF A
CALLOUS SOCIETY,
THEY ARE
PROMPTLY
LABELLED "MAD"
AT ANY SIGN
OF MENTAL ILLNESS
AND THERE
THE CASE ENDS**



all of it, so she can return home.

According to Shalini, she was very happy in her husband's house till the attacks began. "I did not want to marry a policeman, I was in love with a neighbour from another caste, but when my aunts insisted I marry him, and I did set up house, I found myself quite happy," she said.

FREQUENT ATTACKS

According to my guide though, unhappiness, and mental illness resulting from it, can arise out of something suppressed for years in the subconscious. Constant investigating had exposed the thorn in Shalinibai's subconscious.

She came from a fairly well off family. Her father had amassed a considerable amount of money (almost Rs. 80,000) for her, when he died. She was only nine years old then — a young girl, an only child standing alone on the brink of puberty, in a world full of unknown people.

"My uncles took charge of me, and looked after me, and when I grew up, married me off to a good man," she said. But in the process the carefully amassed money was appropriated by her eldest uncle, who was the second son of the family and next to her father in age.

"My uncle never visits me, but I sometimes visit him," she says. "I see his children wearing bell-botts, and watches, and think of my husband slaving away at a police job to make us able to live decently, and my blood boils. My husband tells me to forget the money, says he can give me all the comfort I want, but I cannot forget that if I had the money, I would be able to help my husband in many ways, and my children would be better off."

The pressure of these feelings built up over the years, and when the physical strain of bearing a fourth child combined with the mental tension, the subconscious illness arose and overwhelmed reason. The first time it happened, Shalinibai became quite uncontrollable. She grew violent, had uncontrollable rages and fought terribly with the husband she loved so well. At last, convinced there was something wrong with her, he brought her to the asylum. Shalini was treated, and in a few months regain-

ed her composure and sanity and returned home.

"But rehabilitation is never complete unless we can change the circumstances that cause an illness," my guide says as she reviews Shalinibai's case for me. She returned again and again, exactly in the same condition she had come the first time. Shalinibai admits this fact.

"Now, I can feel the attacks coming, the tension within me gets unmanageable, I am unable to sleep for days on end, I grow irritable, shout at the children, abuse my husband. And then, I know it is time for a visit here. I tell my husband to take me to the 'pagalkhana'," she says, "but he never takes me seriously."

The attacks come mainly while her husband is on tour; perhaps the insecurity and the responsibility of managing a household alone even for a few days precipitates the tensions inside her. Then Shalinibai leaves her home and heads for the railway station to catch the first train to this city.

It does not always end well though. The last time she had a blackout while in the train, and jumped out when it was moving out of a small station. A helpful young man caught her, brought her to the police in the next town, and from there she was brought to the asylum.

OVERCROWDING

"I do not remember anything that happened, but thank God the man was a good fellow," she says. Another time, she was not so lucky. "I found my way to my ex-lover's house, and remember giving him my gold bangles," she says. "But my husband forgives me my lapses, and is ready to take me home every time. I tell him I will live here, I am not good for him, he should marry again, but he is ever ready to pardon me. So I will go back with Raju for he is coming with his father next week."

Mrs. K., tells me that Shalinibai is not really getting better. "Each attack of hers is stronger than the last one and they come on more and more frequently now, the cause is increasing mental weakness and susceptibility, and the attitude of the husband who refuses to take her seriously. He says she pretends an attack to come here whenever she wants a holiday from home," she says, "and all my talks with him have

ENERGY WITH EXTRA DRIVE

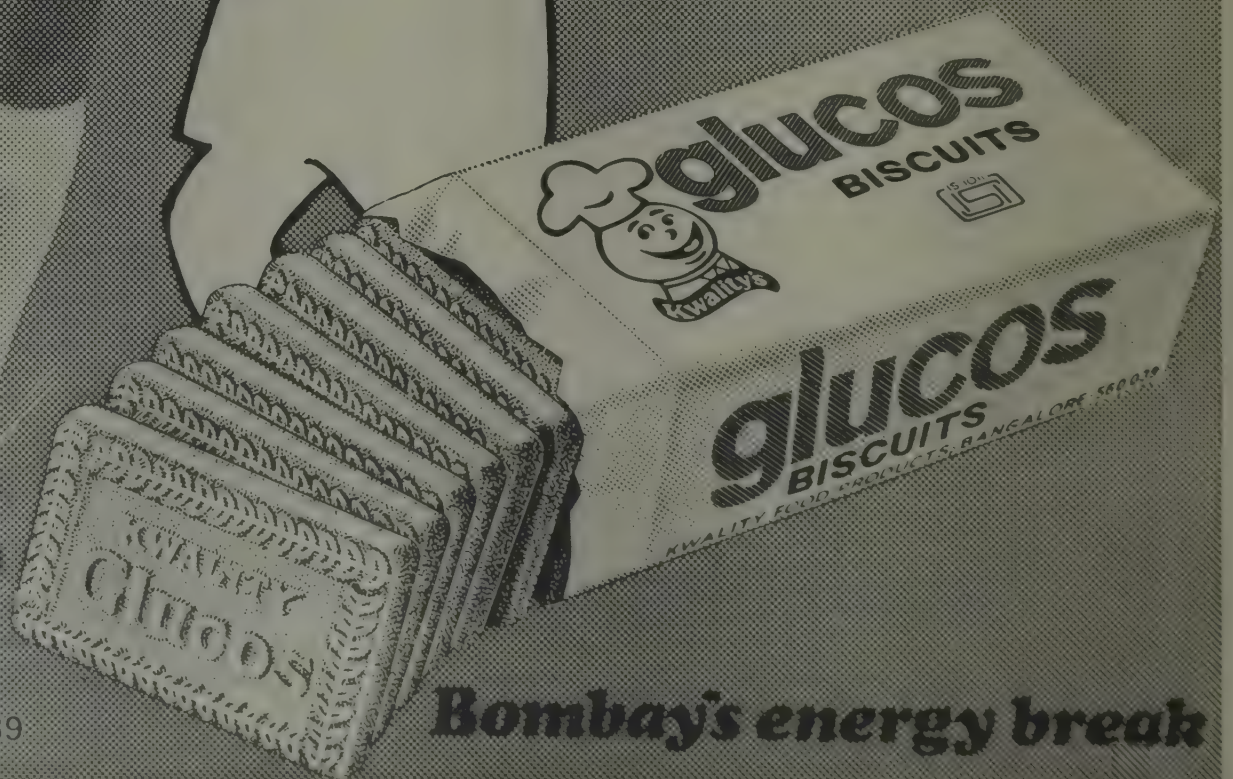
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THE SHUTTERED ONES : WOMEN IN A MENTAL ASYLUM

not helped shake his belief in his statement. He refuses to believe his wife is mentally ill. To him the word is synonymous with madness."

The attitude of family members is one of the main reasons for the continued mental illness of a person. Patients are brought in as certified cases by family members, who refuse to have anything to do with them once they enter the asylum and the big doors close behind them. This is one of the reasons the hospital is unable to cope with the cleanliness and accommodation problems.

"It is the hospital's responsibility to care for a patient once he is here, till he returns home. If the family refuses to take the patient home, we are forced to keep them here for ever and ever," the Medical Superintendent says. No wonder there is overcrowding. And more so in the past year as the number of cases admitted to this place has increased almost twofold since 1977. This might be due to increased awareness or an increase in mental illness due to mental tensions. "Whatever the cause, the effect, that of straining our meagre resources is driving us mad," he says, quite unaware of his unfortunate use of terminology.

INADEQUATE FUNDS

Also, there are many patients who are certified by the Court to be insane and are brought in a mentally disturbed condition to the asylum. "These patients cannot speak coherently and cannot give their proper addresses or family names," Mrs. K. whose job as a paid social worker includes getting the case histories of each patient, tells me. "Then, we have no alternative but to keep them here and hope they will be cured. In rare cases we get the home address after treatment, but the family often does not respond. Then, if the patient is cured, we can appeal to the Government to have her transferred to the State Home for Women

or some other such institution. Otherwise she languishes here."

As a social worker interested in rehabilitating her patients, Mrs. K. would like to visit the homes of such unobliging relatives, but distances and the workload do not permit such things. "Firstly, it would mean too much spending by me personally as the TA-DA paid do not stretch so far, and secondly, with only four female social workers for so many patients, the absence of even

years ago on the eve of his marriage for an article on the social condition of leprosy patients.

I had seen Ranjana's photograph then — a smiling girl, who looked as though she would make a good wife. Her husband-to-be had spoken of her in glowing terms. He had had a bad time, and now, cured of leprosy, hoped to find a new life with a new partner.

Ranjana had been in the Remand Home for Women then.

The trouble began a week after the marriage. While out for a ride around the new city where she lived now, she realised she could easily run into her ex-boy friend.

"Everything went wrong from there," she says. "I began to feel the old heaviness clouding my brain, and had to be brought here after a few weeks in that condition. My husband felt cheated, he said, as he had not been told of my mental weakness. And I do not want to go back to him either."

"I cannot live with any man now," she says her eyes filling with tears. I speak to her of my meeting her husband just before their marriage. "Yes, he was very happy with me then," she says. Today she is faced with a divorce, for he has had enough of her illness and her moods. Three times she had gone back from the asylum and three times she had returned in the same condition.

"Responsibility scares me into depression," she says, her eyes wide. Her husband had wept the last time they had met at the divorce court.

UNWANTED

"Give me my freedom," he had cried," she says. "I told him he would get it," she adds. But my talk has changed her mind. "He cannot marry again, he was a leper once and not many girls will have him, I cannot marry again, I know that, so maybe I will go back," she says, then adds, "But I am sure he will not have me, he cried for his freedom. I have troubled him, told him I would not live with him..." She breaks off, then begs me for a piece of paper in which she hastily writes a letter to her husband, begging him to come for her.

I pocket the letter to hand it over to Mrs. K. "If I do not leave this place I will really get mad," Ranjana says. "Except for an occasional attack, I am well, and even the attack comes only when I brood too much. I have begged to be given a teaching job somewhere, so I can meet healthy, sane people, live with them, and forget my past, but no one wants someone who has lived in a mental asylum," she says sadly.

The untouchable toilet

In India, toilet is a dirty word. It needn't be.

Most people really treat their toilet dirty. No other room in the house gets as little attention. No room needs it more. What we choose not to see doesn't bother us at all. Well here's something that will:

A dirty toilet doesn't just look and smell unpleasant. It is unhealthy, unhygienic, even positively dangerous.

That's the plain truth. Not understated. But not exaggerated either. So perhaps you should ask yourself a question.

Is your toilet as clean as you'd like it to be?

There's only one person who need know the answer. You.

Even if you get the sweeper to clean it every morning, is he doing it as well as he should? Or as quickly as possible?

If you're not happy with your answer, here's something you'll be happy to hear of... Sanifresh.

What is Sanifresh?

Sanifresh is a lavatory cleanser that does a lot of dirty work for you. Flush the toilet first.

Then sprinkle Sanifresh generously inside the toilet bowl. Give it 3-4 hours to act. Better still, leave it overnight. Then flush again. If the flush does not work, pour a bucketful of water. And there, all your cleaning problems have gone too!

Sanifresh acts 3 ways:

1. Sanifresh cleans thoroughly.

It contains a highly active cleansing agent that removes the most stubborn stains. Sanifresh cleans where a brush can't even reach.

2. Sanifresh gets rid of dangerous germs.

A toilet can be a breeding ground for germs, a likely source of disease. Sanifresh gives you the kind of protection ordinary 'phenyles' cannot. So you can be absolutely sure your toilet is absolutely safe.

3. Sanifresh banishes unpleasant odours.

A toilet can smell awful. Bad ventilation traps odours and makes the problem worse. Sanifresh contains a deodorant that freshens the air and dispels odours.

How often should you use Sanifresh? Considering how important toilet cleanliness is, there's just one answer. Every single day.



It does all your dirty work to keep your toilet clean.



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CHAITRA-BLS-82

one will make a big difference," she says.

Government budget, incidentally, does not allow the employment of more than four social workers regardless of the number of patients, and oblivious to the needs of the hospital and the unemployed trained social workers in the job market.

"I will introduce you to one case of a cured mental patient who has nowhere to go," Mrs. K. says as she leads me to Ranjana. Talking to Ranjana, I realise once more the truth of the saying that the world is a small place. Ranjana is the wife of a leprosy patient whom I had interviewed four

She had been kicked out of her father's house when she had disclosed to him her affair with a boy who had no intention of marrying her. Following this, she had lived for a while at a relative's place, and taken up further studies, completing her Dip. in Education meanwhile. But the depression of her circumstances weighed heavily on her, and caused her to experience strong attacks of depression and suicidal tendencies. She was given treatment at the asylum and sent to the State Home for Women, to live in a more congenial atmosphere. She was quite cured when she married her husband.

If you have a child who falls ill with alarming regularity, you must read this advertisement. It tells you how to guard your child against water-borne diseases.



As a parent of a growing child, the first question that comes to mind is: 'How can it be humanly possible?' How can a child be attacked by water-borne diseases, even after taking the trouble of boiling the drinking water. Yes, it does sound incredible. But sadly enough, it is true. Take for example, this extract from The Times of India dated May 4, 1977: "Though no figures are available on infant deaths due to water-borne diseases, it is a well-known fact that children in the zero-to-five age-group form 17 per cent of the population, but they account for 40 per cent of the annual deaths."

Your children are under constant attack!

It is scientifically established that boiling water is insufficient



It's now an established fact that boiling alone is no longer safe. Boiling only kills germs, but not spores.

You need something that rids you of both. For, spores are the resting stage of bacteria present in water. And even a temperature of 100 degrees C (the boiling point of water) has no real effect on them. A few hours after boiling, they are back in action again, contaminating the freshly boiled water.

Beware of the Matka!

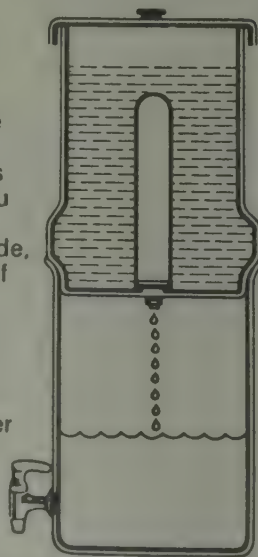
Ask any scientist friend. He'll tell you. Even boiled water stored in matkas is dangerous.



For matkas breed germs by the million, in their millions of earthenware pores. Why, even crystal clear water examined under the microscope shows bacteria which cause cholera, typhoid, dysentery, jaundice, gastroenteritis and other terrible diseases.

There must be a solution!

Don't worry! Serious as the problem is, the solution is really simple. Wise parents all over the country have adopted the Puritas Water Filter. As you can see in the illustration alongside, the filter consists of two chambers, candles and a tap. Water filled in the upper chamber, slowly and safely filters into the lower chamber through the candles.



The secret of the candles

The secret lies in the Puritas Candle, the first of its kind in India. All Puritas Candles are laboratory tested and certified by leading municipal authorities. These candles are made of a very special kind of earth called 'Kieselguhr' which is so precisely porous, it makes the ideal filtering material. In fact, it filters out all germs and spores, providing you with 100% pure drinking water in the lower chamber.

Where is the proof that Puritas gives 100% pure water?

We have proof. You are most welcome to come over to any of our offices in India and check photostat copies of actual laboratory test reports. You can also check the originals at our Head Office in Bombay—reports that prove without doubt that the Puritas Water Filter removes bacteria totally. Assuring you of water that is 100% free of germs and spores. 100% safe for your growing children and for you.

Take care of those you care for.

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Buy only genuine Puritas Water Filters for your own safety. Check the Puritas label on the upper chamber. See that the Puritas name and Registration No. 196501 are on the metal base of the candle.

CHAITRA-BLS-158

VINOD MEHRA: everybody's younger brother

Adelaide Chand

Over the years, Vinod Mehra's name has become synonymous with durability: like the Rock of Gibraltar, Vinod's been around for quite some time and seems quite capable of going on forever. Unlike the other male stars, Vinod's career has never gone through a bad patch — he has experienced none of the sudden setbacks or mercurial fluctuations that seem to characterize the careers of so many of the others. As Vinod himself says, "Ever since I joined the industry about eight years ago, I've been working uninterrupted without a break; it's always been like that, steady and regular, and that's why I have about five or six releases every year."

What accounts for his endurance? For one thing, his directors seem to like him. Jugal Kishore gave him a small role in "Do Khilari" and followed it up with a larger one in "Dada". Mohan Segal cast him in "Ek Hi Raasta" and then again in "Kartavya". Shakti Samanta is yet another director who's fond of Vinod.

Mr. Samanta says: "I first saw Vinod when he was one of the contestants in the United Producers and Filmfare contest. I conducted his test myself, and ever since then I took an interest in the way his career was shaping. When there was a small role in 'Amar Prem', I offered it to him as a guest appearance. After that I cast him in the lead in 'Anurag' opposite Moushumi, and I took him again in 'Anurodh.' He

will be working in my forthcoming 'Aaiyash' too.

Shakti says he likes Vinod because he finds him the least troublesome star. "He's a very serious actor — I mean serious in the sense that he takes his work very seriously. His nature is very sweet...he doesn't throw tantrums and has no temperamental changes of mood. He's accommodating, too — most of today's top stars regard him as a younger brother. In my opinion he's well on his way to reaching top position; his career's progressing slowly but surely. He's done good work in 'Amardeep' and other recent starrers. The only thing he must curb is a tendency to put on weight, his large frame would look a little bulky if he added too many kilos."

Directors apart, heroines too seem to like working with Vinod: they find him "a straight guy" and refer to him as "one of the few 'safe' heroes who never indulge in any hanky-panky."

All this is undoubtedly creditable, but it must be mentioned that a number of his detractors are of the opinion that during the time he's been around, his career-graph has remained stationary; that he's neither advanced nor receded. Mention this to Vinod himself and he remains unruffled, his mild brown eyes reflect no resentment at the implication.

"The position a person has reached in life is not always as im-



Photograph : Nath Gupta

portant as people make it out to be. Who doesn't want to be at the top of his/her chosen profession? If, after eight years, I am not as big as I should have been, in the eyes of the press and the audience, does the fault lie with me? What is it that I lack? I'm sure this is a question which Dilip and Amitabh and other successful stars must have asked themselves at some stage of their career. I can only do my best, and do it to the utmost of my ability. I personally don't think I've remained static — I've progressed considerably in fact. I started out with about ten rupees and now I'm worth thousands. So there must have been a movement of some kind."

Moreover, Vinod seems to have acquired the image of "parallel hero" or eternal co-star. Is it true that directors are reluctant to cast him in single-hero films?

"It's a fallacy," says Vinod decisively. "I've done nearly 45 to 50 films, out of which only about 15 have been double hero appearances, among which at least ten

are special appearances. And I take care to ensure that my roles are not the flimsy, superficial type, but have some substance to them. For instance, I don't have many scenes in 'Kartavya' but I'm there throughout the film, and the climax is centred on me."

Moreover, Vinod seems to have no hang-ups about working with other people: he's worked with almost every male star in the industry, from Rajesh Khanna in "Amar Prem" and Parikshat Sahni in "Duniyadari", to Jeetendra in "Swarag Narak", and Shatrughan Sinha in the forthcoming "Jwalamukhi".

And so Vinod's career definitely seems to be looking up — a large number of his starrers (including "Amardeep" and "Jurmuna") have been released in the past six months. And his performances have received both critical acclaim as well as public approbation. Vinod may be well on his way to proving the time-worn adage: "Slow and steady wins the race."



WHY NOT "DEATH" EDUCATION?

Radha Misra

EXPLAINING THE FACTS OF DEATH MIGHT HELP CHILDREN TO CORRECT THEIR SOMEWHAT BIZARRE THOUGH RATHER CUTE IDEAS ABOUT DEATH

"What do children think of death?" The minute we asked this to any adult, they replied, "Oh nothing I am sure!" So, as students in the field of child development, Veena Mewara and myself decided to find out. We shocked a number of people who thought that such morbid topics should not be discussed with innocent children, but contrary to all expectations we found that children do think a lot regarding death, and had lots to tell us.

You know the secret of death, But how shall you find it unless you seek it in heart of life?

For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one.

Kahlil Gibran

Death is a mystery which has puzzled many a great thinker and each has tried to explain this phenomenon in his own way. Death is also something that fascinates young children. Mortality is a theme that finds its way into many of the child's activities, whether social or solitary. Death has been ritualized in many of the children's everyday games, e.g. "Bang Bang you're dead!" These games permit a youngster to test out feelings that are evoked in certain real life situations.

The intrusion of death places parents in an awkward situation. They are not able to relax and observe, much less appreciate, how the child orients himself towards death. Children are exposed to death through several situations: a pet dies, a funeral procession passes by, an innocent query at dinner time, "Was this meat once a real live goat?"

The child's curiosity regarding death has to be handled and answered carefully and truthfully. Very often children develop distorted ideas of death and illness leading them to fear death for themselves and fantasize death. Real death is not rare in a child's life. As the child grows older, the way he perceives death changes and modifies. The pre-school child does not usually recognise death as final. Being dead for him is being less alive. In early school years death is personified in the form of a

ghost or an angel. Death is understood as final. After the age of ten years children realise that death is not only final, but also inevitable, that nobody can escape death no matter how hard or how far they run.

When asked about death, the seven-year-olds answered knowledgeably that only living things can die. This group was afraid of death, of dead bodies, but did not know why. The next group of eight-year-olds had conceptualised heaven and hell, and talked of the rituals and rites performed among different religious groups. They also felt that suicide was wrong, that God had given us life and only he has the right to take it away when he thought fit. The nine-year-olds too were scared of death and their explanation was: "We are still children, though

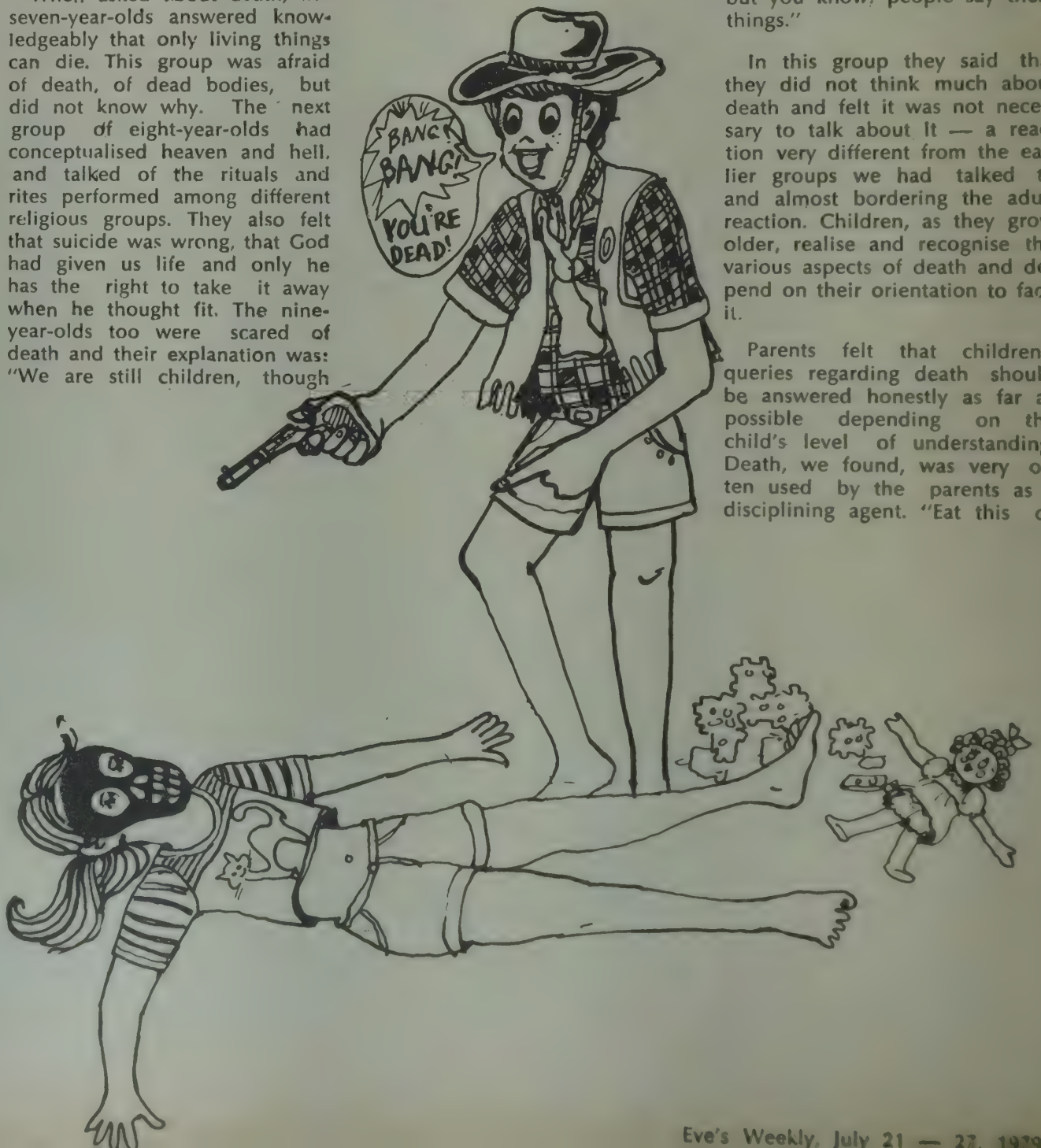
one should not be afraid of death. Gandhiji was not afraid." These children were scared not so much of death as of the way they would die. They believed in birth and rebirth, and said that life cannot continue on earth otherwise.

The supernatural aspect of death interested the ten-year-olds. They talked a lot about ghosts and spirits. When we asked them where they got their information from, they promptly replied, "We can imagine." The imagination was based on snatches overheard from adult conversation or stories told by mothers and grand-mothers, which were very often not fully understood and comprehended.

At twelve, the children were more aware of the rituals and reality concerning death. They realised the finality of death and were afraid of it. These children were on the brink of maturity but not yet quite out of childhood. They were full of contradictions, e.g. one girl said that it was only the soul that goes to hell, not the body; yet she was afraid of the physical tortures in hell. When we asked them about ghosts and spirits they replied, "Oh! we don't believe in them." Still, they were scared of them. They were caught up in the modern trend, "Actually I don't believe in it, but you know, people say these things."

In this group they said that they did not think much about death and felt it was not necessary to talk about it — a reaction very different from the earlier groups we had talked to and almost bordering the adult reaction. Children, as they grow older, realise and recognise the various aspects of death and depend on their orientation to face it.

Parents felt that children's queries regarding death should be answered honestly as far as possible depending on the child's level of understanding. Death, we found, was very often used by the parents as a disciplining agent. "Eat this or



the ghost will come," "If you're naughty you will go to hell," "If you'll do this you'll die," and so on. This kind of disciplining instills fear among children and is usually the common cause of misconceptions.

When asked what they thought of introducing a new subject, "death education" in the school curriculum, there was an emphatic protest from the parents. This delicate subject, with each religion having its own philosophy and explanation, was, they felt, best dealt with at home. But some parents felt it to be a good idea as they could not talk of it freely at home. Some others said that as some parents

themselves had many misconceptions and wrong beliefs about death, school would be a good medium for this education.

As adults, we must remember that sooner or later most children come to understand that death is final and inevitable. Whether this realisation is a pleasant or an unpleasant experience depends a lot on us. It is our make-believe, not theirs, if we persist in behaving as though children are not attuned to the prospect of mortality. In this century millions of children have grown up in the midst of death and the threat of death. They have fewer illusions on the subject than many adults.

CHILDREN'S VIEWS ON DEATH

Six-year-olds:

People die because...

"When they stole anybody's things, in war for their country." Ajay said he knows people are dead when the dog howls. Vinay believes, "People who die come back as a small baby and not as a cow."

Eight-year-olds:

Where does the heart/soul go after death?

"Good children go to heaven, bad children go to hell."

Parul felt, "It goes and attaches itself to the first thing it sees. For example, once when a person was burnt, his heart went and got attached to the lizard on a nearby tree."

Ashok said, "The heart comes out and stands at the door for 13 days and then goes and tells God everything that the people are doing."

Why don't you like people to die. "Because if they die, we will have less friends."

Nine-year-olds:

Why should everybody have to die?

Anushree: "If people don't die, the population will be more, and then there will be no space for anybody to stand also, and there will be no houses to live in."

Koyall. "If people don't die, their children will get older just like them, and then people will

not understand who their mummy and daddy are."

What happens after people die?

"They turn into skeletons and are covered with mud or white cloth."

Anil: When a person dies, they make a box, fix it with planks, put some scent and join it properly. Then he (dead man) has to walk 40 steps ahead without looking back. Then Yamraj comes and asks him, 'What he has done in life? Then he takes the man's heart away.'

Do you believe in rebirth?

"Yes, because life on earth will not continue otherwise."

10-year-olds:

After death, what happens?

Raju: "The body stays on earth and the heart and soul go to heaven after a person has died, and this is sent back in different forms. But he cannot remember anything of his past life, only sometimes if somebody is murdered, then he comes back to find out who murdered him and takes revenge."

Mina: "After a person dies, his wife and children are sad because they become poor as the man gets the money and he has died. Then he cannot come from heaven to give money. If he does, then he will become very tired as heaven is very far away."



RAMU AND THE POST-BOX

Arun was always thinking of new tricks he could play on his servant Ramu. Ramu had come down from the village a few days earlier and did not know much about city life.

Arun was sitting on the verandah reading a comic, when he heard his mother calling, "Ramu, come here, take the letter and post it."

"Post it, what is that, what have I to do?" asked Ramu.

Arun had a wonderful idea. He called out to Ramu and said, "Come here, I'll tell you what to do."

When Ramu came and stood beside him, Arun pointed at the red pillar-box at the end of the road and told Ramu, "You see that red box there? Go and stand next to it, and soon a man will come out, you give him the letter."

Ramu set out, wondering how a man could have got into the red box. He stood there for ten minutes, yet there was no sign of the man.

"Maybe, he is sleeping," he thought; so he knocked on the box saying, "I have got a letter for you." There was no response.

Finally tired of standing, he sat down beside the box.

Not far away was a constable who had been watching Ramu for twenty minutes. He thought there was something wrong, so he came across to ask Ramu what the matter was. On seeing the policeman coming towards him, Ramu wanted to run away in a fright, but before he could do so, the policeman was beside him.

"Here, what are you sitting here for?" asked the policeman.

"Havaladar Saab, I am waiting for the man to come out of the box. You see, I have a letter for him," replied Ramu very very frightened now.

"Ha! A man coming out of the post-box! Whoever heard of such a thing?" mocked the policeman.

"But Arun Baba, told me to wait beside the box and that a man would come out and I was to give him the letter," replied Ramu.

"He was fooling you. Here, give me the letter." Saying this, he took the letter from Ramu's hand and pushed it through the slot. "There, your letter is posted. Come on, show me where you work. I want to have a word with your mistress."

Arun's mother was very worried when she saw Ramu returning with the constable. She thought he had done something wrong. The constable explained the incident, and Arun's mother was very angry.

"Arun, come here," she shouted. "What do you mean by playing such a trick on Ramu? As a punishment, you'll not go out to play for two days."

From that day onwards Arun never played a trick on Ramu.

Chitra Rao



THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



L. WOMAN

Friend: "Did you get any replies to your advertisement that a lonely maiden sought light and warmth in her life?"

Spinster: "Yes. Two from the electric light company, and one from a gas company."

The beautiful young lady went to see a psychiatrist. The doctor looked at her for a few seconds and then said: "Come over here, please." He then promptly put his arms around her and kissed her. As he finally released her he commented casually: "That takes care of my problem. Now what's yours?"

The distressed wife took her husband to a psychiatrist as he imagined that he was a cannibal. The poor man went in and came out an hour later to see his wife sitting in the waiting room.

"Well," she said, "so what's the famous psychiatrist like?" "Delicious," beamed her husband.

THAT'S A LAUGH!

"Doctor," said the worried woman on the phone to the doctor. "Come quickly, it's my husband, he thinks he's Nero."

"Where can I see him?" asked the doctor.

"Just look out of your window," she told him. "He's in your garden burning your



shed and playing the fiddle."

The milkman rang the bell and the pretty lady came to the door dressed in flimsy lingerie. She asked him sleepily, "Have you the time?"

"Yes," the milkman said, "but who's going to watch my horse and wagon?"

"I've got to be frank with you," said a member of the audience to the solo violinist. "Your playing was lousy. It stank."

A friend interceded quickly. "Pay no attention to him. He doesn't know what he's talking about. He only repeats what everybody else says."

So many married women were calling at the Welfare Clinic for their maternity benefits that the manager had to do something to inform callers that their applications should be made to the post-office. So he had a large

notice placed up which read: "Nobody in this department is responsible for expectant mothers."

The massive building that



houses the staff of Trans World Airlines has its own maternity hospital for the wives of the pilots. They call it the heirport.

"Who are you?" asked the asylum inmate.

"I'm the new superintendent," came the reply.

"Well, it shouldn't take too long for them to knock that out of you. I was Napoleon when I first came in here."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

Rama Shah, her daughters Varsha and Neelu, and her handicapped son Arun make beautiful cards for all occasions. About 5000 of these are marketed by them every year. Every item in the house bears the stamp of Rama's creativity.

This hobby of creating beautiful things, which has almost become a way of life for the family, has paid them dividends. It has provided the family with extra income, it has given Rama and her daughters a sense of achievement and it has become a means of livelihood for Arun. Above all, this hobby has successfully pulled Rama out of the terrible spell of depression and frustration that she was plunged in soon after Arun's birth.

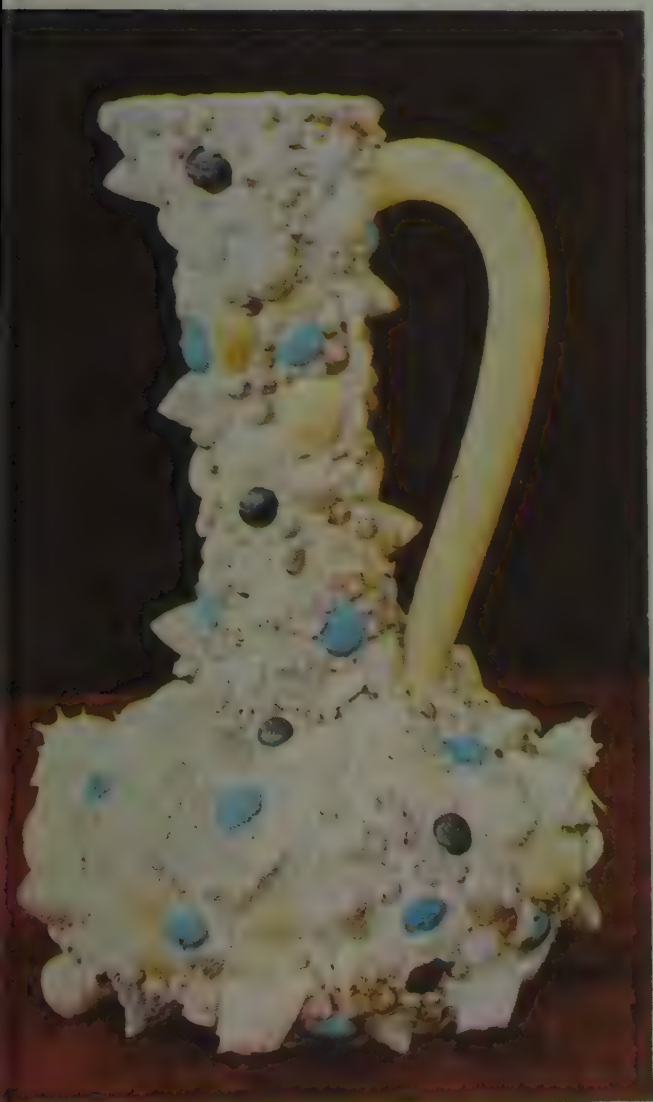
Arun was not born a shapely, bonny baby. The stork had delivered some flesh and a few bones loosely tucked up in a stretch of skin. His head was huge, full of fluids. A gaping wound at the end of his spinal cord had a few nerves knotted up. His hip bones were dislocated, his knee caps were missing and his feet were crooked.



A SENSE OF ACHIEVEMENT

Text and photographs by Dilip Patel

THE HOBBY OF CREATING BEAUTIFUL THINGS HAS SUCCESSFULLY PULLED RAMA SHAH AS WELL AS HER SON ARUN OUT OF BOUTS OF DEPRESSION, FOR ARUN WAS BORN TOTALLY HANDICAPPED — MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY. THIS HOBBY HAS NOW BECOME A MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD FOR HIM



A cracked vase is transformed into an eye-catching decorative accessory with the use of seashells.

ABOVE: Foursome at work...Arun, Rama Shah, Neelu and Varsha.

RIGHT: Beautiful greeting cards with floral designs in attractive colour combinations.



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A SENSE OF ACHIEVEMENT

The shock the young Shah family had received could only be softened by time. The immediate need was to keep the child alive. The doctors had thrown up their hands in despair predicting, at the most, a few days for Arun. But the Shahs did not lose hope. The process of bringing up Arun proved very trying, frustrating and painful. And it was this phase that altered the entire lifestyle of Rama.

She was a comely young wife with starry eyes and full of ambitions when she gave birth to Arun. As early as those days, in the late fifties, she belonged to the minority class of women who believed in women's emancipation. The only way women could achieve it, she felt, was through economic independence. Her greatest desire was to go out of the house and work. Her upbringing in a forward looking family in Bombay had only strengthened her views. But Providence had different designs on her.

The nursing of Arun assumed prime importance in the family and she was unable to shape her life the way she wanted. She suffered bouts of depression. The situation was further aggravated by the first three exceedingly trying and tiring years, both mentally and physically. Arun would develop very high fever suddenly at nights. And one of the parents had to keep awake every night with ice packs to combat the fever. Arun's head needed great care and the open wound needed constant attention. The knotted-up nerves had paralysed Arun's legs. Thus Rama's desires had to be stifled, for she knew she was in a blind alley as far as her ambition of tak-

ing up a career was concerned. She could not even pursue higher studies, let alone take up a job. The cloud, however, did have a silver lining. And Rama's undiscovered talent, opened up new vistas.

They were in Calcutta at that time. The house provided by the company was being re-done. Quite by accident Rama saw beauty in some cement blobs on the pillars in the kitchen. She stretched her imagination and got a few blobs splashed on the pillars and painted them in vibrant colours. Her friends and relatives appreciated this artistic touch. Thus, an artist in her own right was born.

Now Rama had some occupation in her spare time. She experimented with cement, iron mesh, nails and other material and the result was new vases. She gave new life to cracked or broken vases by decorating them with seashells. She used various cementing materials which not only strengthened them but also gave lovely textures. A well-known shop in Calcutta agreed to display Rama's vases for sale and these became instantly popular. The shopkeeper started sending his broken and cracked vases to Rama who transformed them into entirely new and artistic vases which fetched higher prices than the original unbroken ones.

Among the newly developed artefacts, Rama's lamps became very popular.

Rama's handicrafts were in demand now. One of the dealers wanted flower arrangements. Though she had no formal training in Ikebana, she accepted the challenge and produced some lovely dry flower arrangements.

Rama then started making cards. A family wanted some unusual ones for an exhibition. This was in the early sixties. She made a few with colourful papers and nat-

ural flowers. Since then she has been producing lovely hand-made cards.

Her biggest problem is that all her creations require personal execution. Because of this there were many occasions when she had to turn down huge orders. Her two daughters Varsha and Neelu were already helping her by now.

Rama dabbled in painting, too, for sometime under rather peculiar circumstances. Arun, who had been through many crises, had several physiological disorders. One of them being identical movements of his hands. If he stretched his right hand to hold a glass, his left hand too, involuntarily would get stretched and his palm and fingers would cup as if holding a glass. To rid him of this abnormality, Rama's husband tried various things like putting Arun on a typewriter, and painting. Rama, too, learned painting along with Arun. Though Arun did not have a firm grip, he displayed good sense of colour combination and evolved lovely abstract patterns.

Rama's creative mind spotted this. She thought that if Arun picked up card-making, it might help him earn a living. He started painting lovely designs on cards.

Rama's cards, though simple, are attractive and bear her personal touch. She uses various kinds of material — dehydrated flowers and leaves of different shapes and colours, art paper and so on. The finishing touches are given with silver or gold paint.

For the last four years the family has settled down in Bangalore and their cards have made their presence felt there, too.

Since Arun, 21 now, is already on his way to being vocationally rehabilitated and has developed several other interests besides cards, Rama can relax. She asserts that ultimately she did achieve what she had desired.

PASSING THROUGH

At 32, Linda van Schagen is perhaps among the youngest sales executives dealing with electronic equipment.

Asiagraphics Ltd., the Company she works for, represents three major manufacturers of automatic photocomposing and phototypesetting systems in USA and UK, with exclusive sales/service representation in Australia, New Zealand, Europe, Southeast Asia and South Asia. Linda is the Marketing Executive for South Asia.

Originally from Sri Lanka, Linda now lives in Sydney, Australia and at an average, makes six overseas trips a year. "I love travelling and meeting new people," she said. "My job becomes all the more interesting."

Linda's work entails contacting clients, taking orders, planning installations of machines and co-ordination with the

LINDA VAN SCHAGEN

MARKETING ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT

head office. She is also responsible for the follow-up procedure which includes maintenance and service, reports and correspondence. Apart from this, she has full practical knowledge about the machines she sells.

Linda began her working career 14 years ago, as secretary to the chairman of the largest newspaper group in Sri Lanka, before leaving on various wor-



king assignments in Europe and the Far East which includes a post at the Sri Lanka embassy in Sweden and at J. Walter Thompson in Indonesia.

On an exploratory trip to India, she intends visiting prospects in the bigger cities to ascertain their immediate and future requirements of phototypesetting systems. On her pre-

vious trips to the East, Linda noticed that most newspapers and publishing houses use antiquated machinery which slows down progress considerably. "Computerization is soon reaching this part of the world. Our machines may be expensive, but the output is faster and the quality is much better," she said. "Besides, in two years time, the cost of the machine is fully recovered," she added.

Presently studying for a degree in marketing, Linda is always short of time. "All my social outings are those connected with my job," she said. During her vacation, however, she visits the opera and theatre. A voracious reader, she prefers autobiographies, biographies and books on politics. "I am also interested in hatha yoga. It's a perfect form of relaxation," she smiled.

Linda also makes it a point to read about the countries she visits. "The East fascinates me and I follow the social and cultural developments in this area with deep interest," she said.

Mala Vaishnav

This is the seventh of 12 fashion features which will enable you to Win-A-Wardrobe from Delhi's exclusive boutique SOPHISTICATION. This unique scheme was announced in Eve's Weekly issues dated December 3, 1978 and January 13, 1979 — fabulous chiffon and organdie sarees printed with a difference in heart warming colours and designs to suit individual tastes.

You may be the lucky winner of this fabulous range of outfits. All you have to do is to clip and keep the coupons published every month along with the feature. A minimum of ten coupons, collected out of serial numbers 1 — 12, will entitle you to participate in the lucky draw.



FASHION OF THE MONTH WIN-A-WARDROBE!



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1. Prizes are in the form of readymade garments. 1st Prize Rs. 10,000; 2nd Prize Rs. 5000; 3rd Prize Rs. 3000; PLUS ten Consolation Prizes Rs. 200 each.
2. Grand Fashion Show will be held by Sophistication/Eve's Weekly, around March, 1980. The three winners will be invited. They will be given return Railway Fare plus Rs. 200 for expenses.
3. A minimum of 10 coupons, out of coupons numbered 1—12 must be sent, in one lot, latest by **January 25, 1980**, after the publication of the 12th feature in December, to The Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

THE STORY SO FAR. . .

ONE: Bret Nelson, thirty-four, a tall New Zealander currently in Britain on a short business trip, meets Clementina O'Gorman (Clem), at the wedding of a common friend. A courtship ensues during which he tells her about his family back home — parents, his brothers Ken, Carl and Thad and a sister Nicola. She confesses she is the orphan daughter of an Irish feudal lord who eloped with a nursemaid, thus severing all connections with the aristocratic household. Bret asks her to accompany him to New Zealand, but she is insulted at the audacity of the "proposition."

TWO: Bret explains it is a proposal. Clem however, is not sure of her feelings, but agrees after persuasion to a "trial engagement" at the end of which she will have the option to either accept or refuse him. It is arranged that she stay for six months with his parents at their suburban farm house, where Bret makes week-end trips from Auckland where he works. In New Zealand, Clem meets Nicola and her husband, Owen Page, Bret's brothers Ken, Thad and Carl. She is wearing the ring that Bret has given her for propriety's sake, though in this case it doesn't mean "Quite the usual thing".

There is a family get-together at the Nelsons' farm where Clem meets more family members — Elaine, Ken's wife and their child Sara. Some days later Clem accompanies Mrs. Nelson to a federation meeting of farmers' wives, and meets Beth Strange, who invites them for a Saturday night party to celebrate the home-coming of her sister Vanessa Morris, just back from Australia. At the party, Clem is disturbed by the apparent closeness of Bret and Vanessa, but Bret assures her there are no broken hearts. Thad however, in one of his confiding moods, lets fall to Clem, that Bret and Vanessa were indeed "involved" two years ago. Tom Rowland, the Nelson's farmworker is laid up in hospital with a motor-cycle accident and Bret tries to fix up a temporary hand from Aputa.

NOW READ ON. . .

ON Monday, the Nelsons' temporary farm hand arrived, a tall, tough Australian named Med Kelly. He had a fund of fascinating stories gleaned from his wanderings both in his own country and others — for he had worked in Africa, Asia

and the Pacific Basin. Judging his age at about thirty-five, Clem wondered if he really had time to do all the things he claimed to have done. He said he had written some books too, adventure stories mostly. He was rather an author gleaning experience, than a manual labourer in search of a livelihood. He had been by turns a seaman, waiter, barman, water-side worker and a variety of other things. With his appearance, Clem had less farm work.

Once, Bret got Clem to drive up to Auckland for the weekend, where she stayed with Ken and Elaine for the night, after a dinner and dancing date with Bret.

"I've decided it's the only way I can abstract you from my fa-

pleasure craft. When they returned to Auckland, it was dark. Bret drew up outside his brother's house and before getting out, turned to Clem.

"Enjoyed your day?"

"Very much, thank you. It's a beautiful country."

"I knew you'd think so. Glad you came to New Zealand?" He reached out and took her left hand, his fingers warm on hers, his thumb toying with the ring he had given her.

"I think I am," Clem admitted cautiously.

Bret smiled. "You don't give much away, do you?" he scoffed gently. "Even when you kiss me you hold back."

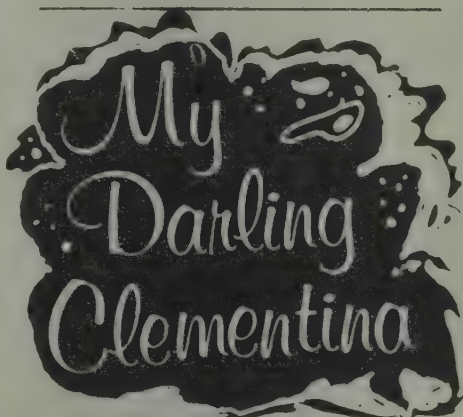
It was true and she knew it. What he couldn't know was, that the more he stirred her, the more rigidly she controlled her responses.

Something about Bret put her off. Perhaps it was the way he laid down his decisions, whether business or private. There were times when the family was arguing, undecided about something — always something trivial. And Bret would watch for a while and then calmly say, "We'll do it this way." And they would.

Perhaps it was because what he said always made sense. He didn't exactly lay down the law, or play the autocrat. Perhaps because he was the eldest, the others had just got used to doing what he said. She had never seen anyone cross him. She wondered what would happen if they did.

Clem had quite a file of dress designs now, which she hoped would be of some use eventually. But she was restless and felt the need of physical activity. She had joined the local squash club and the vigorous sport gave her a weekly outlet for her energy.

PART FOUR



Daphne Clair

"My Darling Clementina" was originally published by Mills and Boon Ltd., London (c) Daphne Clair Australian copyright 1978.

mily for awhile," he said to her as they danced. "Do you find them too overwhelming?"

"I love them all," she told him.

"Them?"

She flicked a glance up at him and away again. She was nowhere near ready to say she loved him, yet. Perhaps she never would be.

It was a pleasant, undemanding, evening and he bid her "Goodnight" at the door of Ken's flat, lightly brushing her cheek with his lips. Clem went into the darkened house smiling.

They went for a drive after lunch the next day, just the two of them. Bret took her over the harbour bridge which spanned the Waitemata — sparkling blue waters dotted with the sails of



Vanessa was often there, too, playing a hard game, and looking trim and petite in sports white. She was openly friendly to Clem and it was hard to believe that there was any reason to be suspicious of her motives.

On the other hand, she did seem to make a point of seeking out Bret when he was at home. That there was some special bond between them, Clem could not doubt. Clem and Thad were good friends now, but she knew that Thad was as uncertain of Vanessa's feelings as she.

"Do you think I should stick my neck out and ask Vanessa to marry me?" Thad asked Clem in confidence one day.

"Is it your pride that's stopping you?" Clem asked.

He looked at her with faint arrogance. "Perhaps that's a part of it. I admit I'm not used to being treated so — casually." With sudden fierceness, he said, "Even

when I kiss her, she laughs it off."

"She does let you kiss her?"

"I'm not the first man she's kissed. Even then I feel I'm competing with Bret. . ."

Bret himself strolled over to join them just then.

"You two are looking very earnest," he said curiously. "Let me guess — the economy? World peace? Not politics surely?"

Thad gave him a slightly sour grin. "Nothing so trivial," he said lightly. "Clem and I have more important things to discuss."

Bret's expression as he looked after his brother's retreating back,

CLEM STILL HELD BACK FROM BRET, DISTURBED BY HIS DOMINATING NATURE — AND THE PRESENCE OF VANESSA IN THE BACKGROUND

was thoughtful — and questioning when he turned it to Clem. "Did I break something up?" he asked mildly.

Clem shrugged and smiled. "Of course not. You know Thad. He was teasing you."

"Yes, I do know Thad." He stood looking down at her a few moments longer. Then: "Come for a walk," he invited. "We've hardly been alone this weekend."

Vanessa had arrived while they were out and been invited to stay for a meal. Later drying dishes companionably, Vanessa and Clem had a moment to themselves.

"Thad said you're wonderful," Clem told her.

"Did he?" Vanessa looked surprised, then embarrassed. "He has a lot of time for you too," she said. "I gather that you and he are quite friendly. In fact I wondered if. . ."

"Yes?" Clem encouraged, as Vanessa broke off.

"Oh," Vanessa gave a vexed little laugh, "this is much more difficult than I pictured it would be. I'd quite made up my mind I was going to talk to you about it, and now I just don't know where to start."

"They say the beginning is usually a good place to do that."

"Yes, well — the beginning. That was quite some time back, a few years ago. Clem, has Bret talked about me to you?" She looked quickly at Clem, and then away.

Clem carefully dried a saucer and put it down gently on the table. "Not very much. But I did know that you and he were very friendly before you went to Australia."

"Friendly, yes, but there was a little more to it. . ."

This time Vanessa was interrupted by Thad's entrance.

"Need any help with the good work?" he enquired.

"You've picked the right moment," Clem told him. "We'd just finished." She closed the cupboard on the last cup, half re-

"Never mind. She'll understand," Bret said easily.

She did of course, but sounded disappointed when Clem rang her up to explain, and eager to arrange another meeting.

"Perhaps next week?" Clem suggested. "I'll confirm it when I get back. Perhaps I'll see you here on Sunday anyway?"

Vanessa's reply was non-committal. "But next Thursday if you can make it then, Clem," she said.

Again Clem wondered uneasily just what Vanessa had to say that was so private and apparently so important.

Bret and Clem saw the Waitomo Caves and after a leisurely journey, arrived at the Pages' flat to be warmly welcomed by Nicola and Owen. The following day, the four of them went to see the museum. Afterwards, they strolled through nearby hot-houses filled with begonias and other exotic flowers.

Clem and Bret had wandered away from the other two, down an intriguing side path, when they heard a sudden cry from Nicola, followed closely by a startled oath from Owen.

Hurriedly retracing their steps, they saw what must have happened. The path was narrow in places, and Nicola had somehow fallen down a steep bank, landing on another path below. Owen was anxiously bending over her, supporting her shoulders while she clung to him.

"I'm all right," she said shakily to her husband as Clem and Bret scrambled down to join them. "There are no broken bones, but I landed a bit heavily."

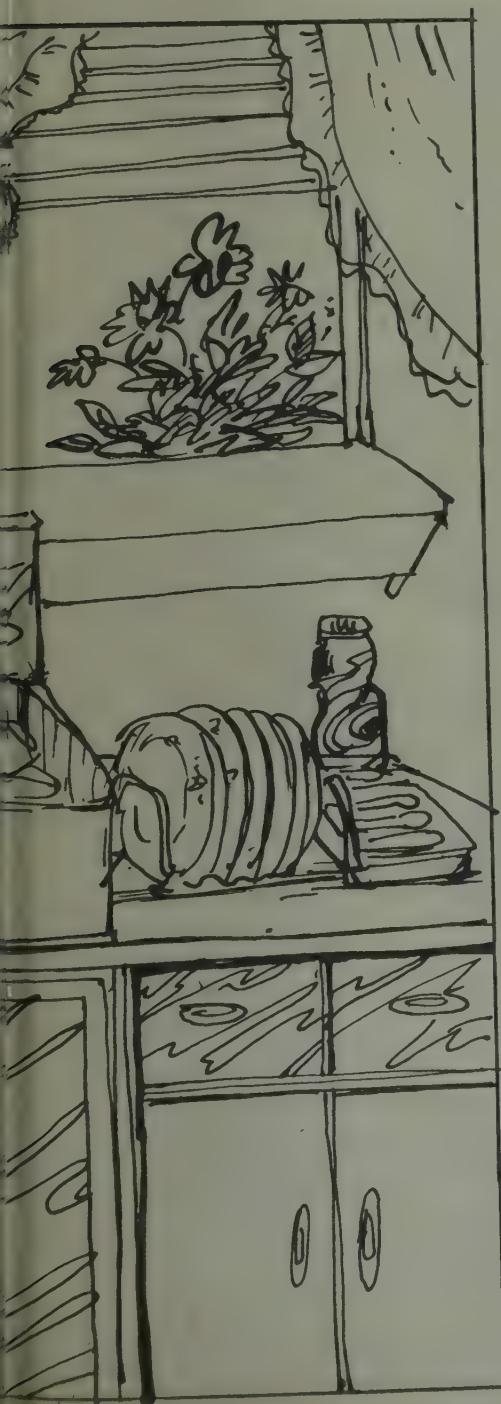
Her face was very white though.

"Are you sure?" Owen asked. "About me, yes. But I'm a bit scared in case the baby. . ." Tears filled her eyes, and she clutched at his hand: "So stupid! I was looking up at a bird. . ."

"Don't move," ordered Bret. Bret and Owen made a chair of their hands to carry Nicola to the car. They drove straight to the emergency department of the hospital.

To be continued

Mills and Boon books are available at all leading book shops and the MacMillan Company of India Limited.



FISH_

for compliments

Premila Lal

Fish has a great advantage as food — it is quick to cook, rich in protein, vitamins, phosphorus and iodine and very easy to digest. The housewife who cares for compliments for her cooking will frequently have fish on the daily menu. Fish can be cooked and served in a variety of interesting and appetising ways — baked, fried, curried, poached, steamed or grilled. In this spread you will find the best method of cooking a wide variety of fish in an unusual combination of recipes.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

SPICED LOBSTER FRY

- 6 lobsters
- 2 tsps. chilli powder
- 2 tsps. sugar
- 2 tbsps. olive oil or salad oil
- 1 tbsp. white wine or white vinegar
- 1 tbsp. coriander leaves, finely chopped
- ½ tsp. freshly ground pepper
- 3 large ripe tomatoes, finely sliced in circles
- 1 onion, finely sliced in circles
- Juice of ½ lemon
- Salt to taste

Wash, clean and shell lobsters. Keep aside.

In a bowl mix together the vinegar, salt, pepper, salad oil, chilli powder and sugar. (Substitute vinegar and salad oil with wine and olive oil if available). Marinate the lobster in this mixture for three hours before cooking.



Melt one teaspoon butter in a pan and slightly fry the lobsters with the marinated mixture until the liquid is just dry. Serve hot in a flat dish. Sprinkle with chopped coriander and encircle with tomato and onion rings, sprinkled with lemon juice.

POMFRET FILLET WITH CREOLE SAUCE

- 1 large pomfret (fillet and cut into slices)
 - 1 egg
 - 1 cup breadcrumbs
 - 1 cup cheese, grated
 - 1 cup capsicum, finely chopped
 - ½ cup celery, finely chopped
 - 1 cup spring onions, finely chopped
 - 1 cup salad oil
 - 1 cup vinegar
 - 1 tsp. freshly ground pepper
- Salt to taste

Beat the egg well. Heat some oil in a pan. Dip the fillets, one at a time, in the egg and coat evenly with breadcrumbs. Fry until crisp and golden brown on both sides. Keep warm.

Mix the capsicums, celery, onion, salt, pepper, half the salad oil and vinegar in a pan. Put the pan on the fire and simmer until it comes to a boil. Add the remaining oil and vinegar, but do not let this boil.

Place fish onto a flat dish and cover with the grated cheese. Put the sauce in a sauce boat and serve with the fish.

BAKED MACKEREL WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

- 3 mackerels (Bangada)
 - 2½ cups milk
 - 1 bunch parsley, chopped fine
 - Small bunch spring onions, chopped fine
 - 1 tbsp. capsicum, finely chopped
 - 2 eggs
 - 1 tsp. freshly ground pepper
 - 1 tin mushroom soup
 - 3 slices bread, soaked in milk
 - 1 tbsp. butter
- Salt to taste

Take a large mixing bowl and mix the onion, parsley, capsicum, pepper and salt. Squeeze the milk out of the bread and add the bread. Mix well. Take the same milk and beat with the eggs. Add to dry mixture and mix well. Chop the mackerels into cubes and add.

Grease an oven-proof dish and spread the mixture evenly. Cover dish with foil and bake in a moderate oven for 20 to 25 minutes. Meanwhile, empty the mushroom soup into a pan and bring to a

boil. Add two cups milk and season with salt and pepper to taste. Bring to a boil again and simmer until the soup thickens, then add the butter. After two minutes remove from fire. Remove mackerels from oven. Slice and place on a dish garnished with any salad. Serve hot with sauce in a sauce boat.

PRAWN NEWBURG

- 3 cups shelled, cooked prawns
- ½ tsp. nutmeg
- ¼ cup butter
- ½ tsp. paprika
- 2 tbsps. flour
- 3 egg yolks
- ½ cup light cream
- ½ cup milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tps. Worcestershire sauce
- ¼ cup sherry
- ½ loaf unsliced bread
- ¼ cup melted butter

Melt the butter in a heavy saucepan and add prawns. Stir for two to three minutes over low heat but do not brown. Add nutmeg, paprika and flour. Keep stirring until well blended. Remove from the fire. Beat the egg yolks well, then combine cream and blend well with milk. Return pan to fire and add the egg mixture. Stir constantly until it thickens and blends with the prawns. Do not let it boil. Add salt, Worcestershire sauce and sherry. Remove pan from fire and keep warm.

With a sharp knife cut off the top and the outside crusts of the loaf of bread. Now cut out the middle leaving a half-inch thick wall. Brush loaf with melted butter and bake in a hot oven for 10 to 15 minutes or until golden brown. Remove and fill with the Prawn Newburg. Serve immediately.

RAWAS GREEN CURRY

- 500 grams rawas, cleaned and sliced
- Juice of 1 lemon
- ½ coconut (extract thick and thin milk)
- Salt to taste

GRIND TO A PASTE:

- ½ coconut
- 1 bunch coriander leaves
- 1 whole pod garlic
- 2 tps. sugar
- 12 mint leaves
- 4 green chillis
- ½ tsp. mustard seeds
- 1" piece fresh ginger
- 3 onions

Heat some ghee in a pan and fry the ground masala for five minutes, then add the thin coconut milk. Cook further for five minutes, then reduce the flame and let it simmer. Add the fish and salt to taste. When the gravy is nearly dry, add the thick coconut milk and simmer until the fish is cooked. Remove pan from fire and add the lemon juice. Serve immediately or re-heat on a very low flame.

SALMON VINDALOO

- 1 kg salmon, sliced or halved
 - 1 onion, sliced
 - 2 green chillis, slit
 - 1 tsp. sugar
 - 3 tomatoes, skinned and chopped fine
 - Salt to taste
- GRIND IN VINEGAR TO A PASTE:
- ½ inch piece trumeric
 - 10 dry red chillis
 - 10 cloves garlic
 - 1 tsp mustard seeds

- 1" piece ginger
- 1 onion
- ¼ tsp. cummin seeds
- 3 pepper corns

Heat some oil in a pan and fry the ground masala well. Add the sliced onion and green chillis. Fry for a few minutes, then add the tomatoes. Fry for 10 minutes. Add one cup water and the sugar. Let it come to a boil, then add the salt and the salmon. Simmer on a low fire till the fish cooks. Lift salmon gently into a dish and pour the curry over it. Serve hot.

BAKED CHEESE FISH

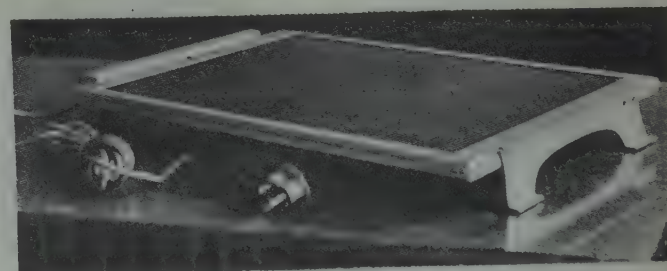
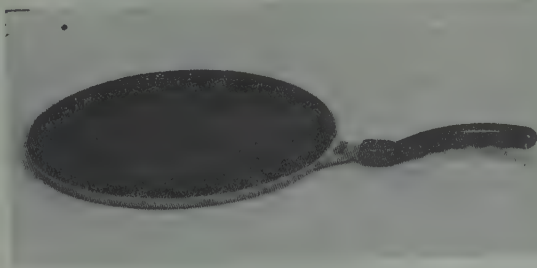
- 3 cooked salmons
 - 4 tbsps. cheese, grated
 - 8 tomatoes, sliced thin
 - 2 capsicums, seeded and sliced fine
 - 1 bunch coriander leaves, chopped
 - 2 onions, sliced fine
 - 4 cloves garlic, crushed and chopped
 - 4 tbsps. breadcrumbs
 - 1 tsp. freshly ground pepper
 - 1½ tsp. chilli powder
- Salt to taste

Grease an oven-proof dish. Cover the bottom with half the onions, coriander, capsicum, garlic and tomatoes. Sprinkle with half the cheese, chilli powder, pepper, and salt. Arrange the fish evenly over this. Cover the fish with the remaining cheese and seasoning. Cover this with the remaining vegetables in the same order as before. Sprinkle with the breadcrumbs and dot with butter. Cover the dish with a lid or foil and bake in a moderate oven for half-an-hour. Serve hot.

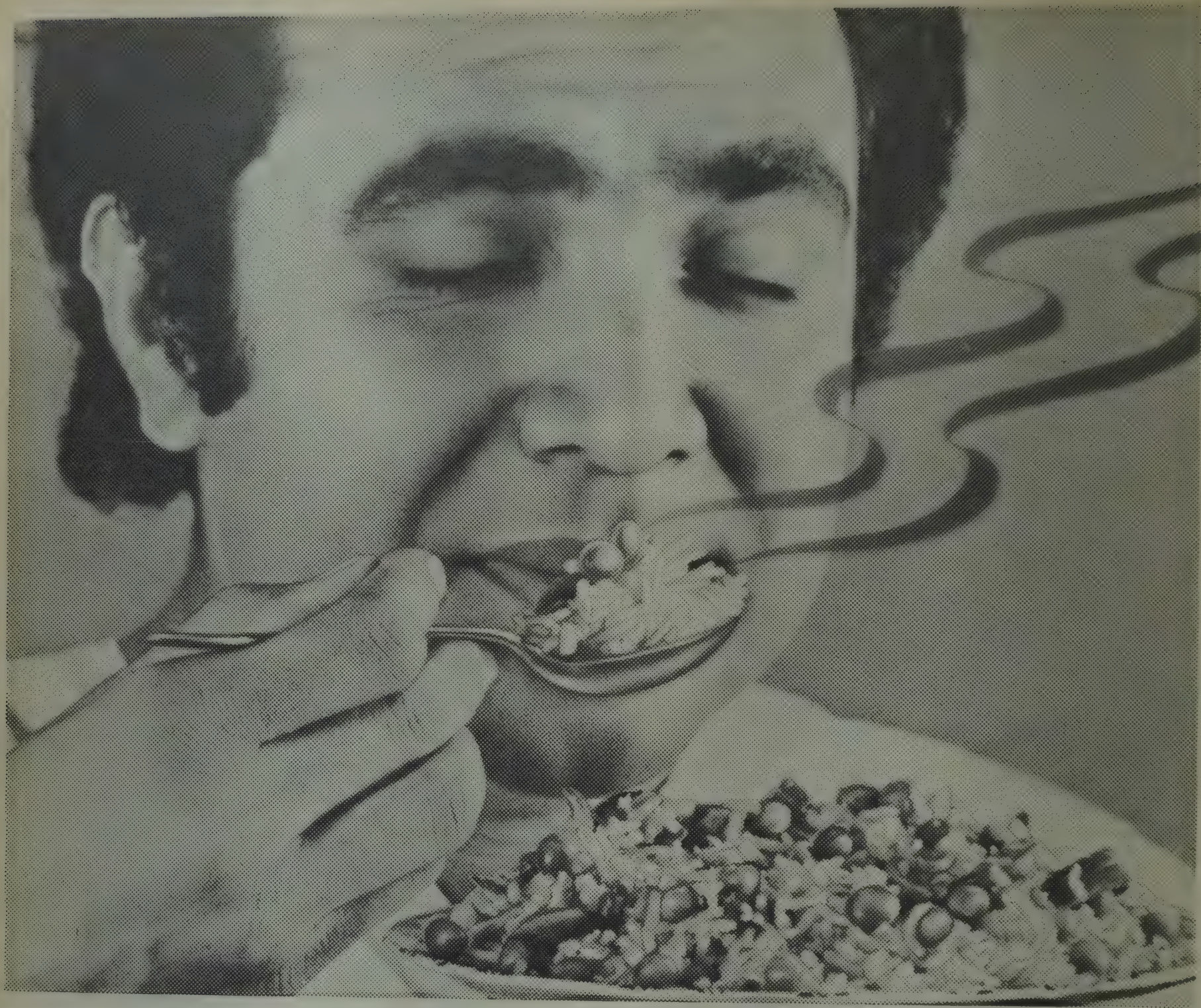
NEW GIFTS FOR OUR MONTHLY COOKERY QUEENS

The Cookery Queen for the month of August will receive, in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00:

- 1) A non-stick coated 245 mm Tava from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, 2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, and 3) LIFELONG Food Warmer, Popular model 625 x 365 x 65 mm from TRADING ENGINEERS, New Delhi.



So send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay - 400 023.



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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Miss Maria Lourdes Desouza, Goa.

DRY BOMBAY DUCK CUTLETS

- 30 dry Bombay ducks
- 3" piece ginger
- 10 flakes garlic
- 4 big size onions
- 2 eggs
- 2 tomatoes
- 8 green chillis
- 4 big size potatoes
- 1 tsp. turmeric powder
- 1/2 tsp. pepper powder
- A few coriander leaves
- Salt to taste
- Vinegar to taste
- Oil for frying
- Soji or breadcrumbs

Soak the Bombay ducks in water for 1/2 an hour. Remove centre bone. Boil the potatoes. Mince onions, ginger, garlic, chillis, potatoes and the soaked Bombay ducks. Mash everything together and add the beaten eggs, turmeric powder, pepper powder and coriander leaves. Cut the tomatoes into fine pieces and add to the above mixture. Add salt and vinegar according to taste. Form into cutlets. Roll in breadcrumbs and fry till golden brown.



Mrs. Rose Mehta, Hyderabad

ORIENTAL WHITE CURRY

- 3 onions, ground

- 1 small pod garlic paste
- 1" — piece fresh ginger, ground
- 2 cups sour curds
- 5 tbsps. oil

PRESSURE COOK TOGETHER:

- 1 chicken, cut in equal pieces
- 3/4 litre milk
- 7 dried red chillis, broken
- 3 cloves
- 2" piece cinnamon
- 3 white cardamoms
- A pinch of nutmeg and mace
- 5 peppercorns
- 1 tsp. aniseeds
- Salt to taste

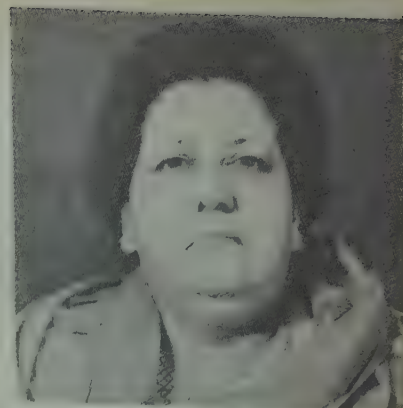
- 1/2 tsp. mint, dried and crushed (optional),

- 1/4 tsp. sugar (optional)

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE:

- 1/2 fresh coconut
- 1 tsp. poppy seeds
- 1 1/2 tbsps. sesame seeds
- 2 tbsps. chironji
- 1 tbsp. cashewnuts
- 1 tbsp. phoola channa
- 1 tsp. coriander seeds
- 1/2 tsp. cummin seeds
- Salt to taste

Fry the ground onions in oil till brown. Add the ginger and garlic paste and further fry for a minute. Pour in the beaten curds and the ground masala and fry until the oil emerges on the surface. At this stage add the cooked chicken pieces and the strained milk stock. Simmer for 5 minutes.



Mrs. Roshan Satarwalla, Bombay.

PUMPKIN CUSTARD

- 1 kg ripe pumpkin
- 1 1/2 litre milk
- 1 tbsp. ghee
- 250 grams jalebis
- 250 grams jaggery
- 30 grams mixed orange peel
- 15 grams crushed chironji
- 15 grams raisins
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg, ground
- 1/2 tsp. cardamom, ground
- 4 eggs separated

Boil the milk with jaggery. Cool and strain through a muslin cloth. Clean and cut the pumpkin. Boil the pumpkin with two cups of water. Drain. Mash the pumpkin and mix with milk. Cook till the mixture thickens. Beat the egg whites until stiff. Add two egg yolks and leave two aside. Add pumpkin mixture into the beaten eggs. Add crushed chironji, raisins, nutmeg powder, cardamom powder and chopped orange peel. Apply ghee in a baking dish. Pour half the mixture into the prepared dish. Arrange in the jalebis and pour over the remaining mixture. Brush with egg yolks and bake till light brown.

WEEKLY WINNER

PERIN KHANNA,
Dehra Dun.



Mrs. Khanna wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. Coconut Oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

GINGER FLAVOURED DRYFRUIT PUDDING

FOR THE BASE :

- 100 grams dried apricots
- 100 grams dried figs
- 50 grams almonds, blanched and peeled
- 25 grams crystalised ginger
- 25 grams butter
- 2 tbsps. jaggery, crushed

Water to cover apricots and figs

FOR THE PUDDING :

- 150 grams flour

- 100 grams fat
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 100 grams castor sugar
- 2 tps. ginger powder
- 2 eggs

Enough milk to mix

FOR THE BASE :

Put the apricots and figs in a bowl, cover with water and leave aside for twelve hours. Simmer gently for 1 hour. Drain and keep aside the liquid. Grease the bottom and sides of a 9-inch square tin with butter. Sprinkle jaggery over the butter and arrange the halved apricots, figs, almonds and the ginger pieces.

FOR THE PUDDING :

Sieve the flour with the ginger powder and baking powder. Cream the sugar and fat until light. Beat in the eggs, then the flour mixture. Finally add the milk and spoon the batter on the dry fruits. Bake in a moderately hot oven until firm to the touch. Drizzle the apricots and figs liquid on the hot pudding while still in the tin.

Turn out and serve hot or chilled.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

6-8 hard boiled eggs; salt to taste; 2 raw eggs; 1 onion, chopped finely; 2-3 green chillis, chopped finely; 1 capsicum, chopped; 1 tbsp. cornflour; 2 cups macaroni or spaghetti, boiled; ½ cup tomato sauce; ½ cup cheese, grated; 2 tbsps. butter; a few salad leaves.

FOR THE FILLING:

Beat the raw eggs. Add in the boiled, mashed egg yolks, half of the grated cheese, cornflour, onion, chillis, capsicum, and salt. Mix well and fill in the hollow of the egg whites.

1. Halve the hard boiled eggs lengthwise with a thread as shown in the first step. Remove the yolks and keep aside for the filling.

1. Grease a baking dish with 1 tablespoon of butter. Mix the tomato sauce with the boiled macaroni. Pour the mixed macaroni in the greased dish. Arrange a layer of salad leaves over the macaroni layer.

3. Place the halved egg whites over the salad leaves.

4. Fill up the hollow of the egg whites with the above prepared filling. Sprinkle grated cheese, dot with butter and bake for ten to fifteen minutes.



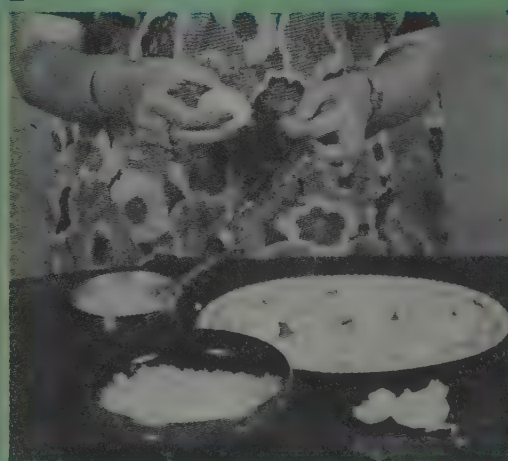
STEP BY STEP COOKERY

MEXICAN EGG TORTILLA

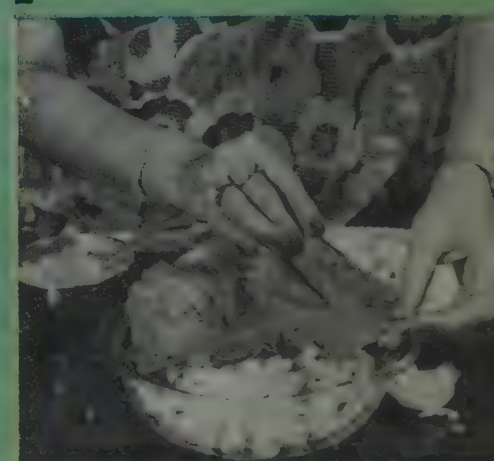
A complete one dish meal
to serve the family at mid-day or
for an early dinner.

Follow SUSHILLA VASWANI's stepwise
cookery to Mexican egg tortilla.

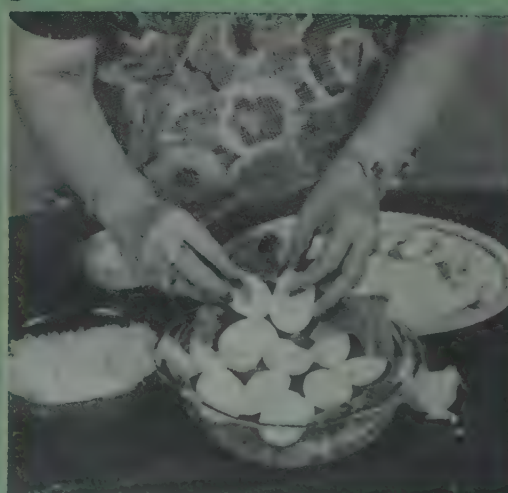
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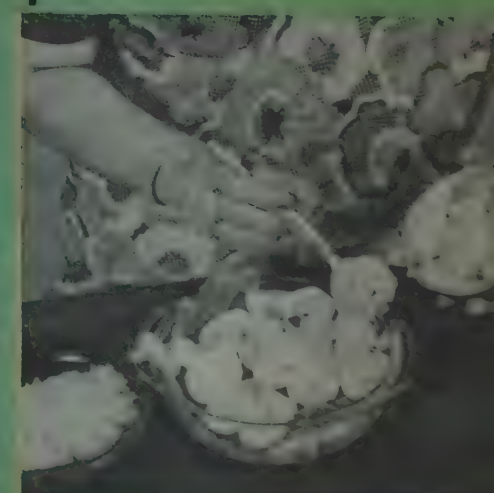
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What is being written by or about women?
On this page every month we bring you a review of some of the books published recently.

ALL THIS IS ENDED; THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BEGUM SUMROO: by Vera Chatterjee, Vikas Publishing House, Price Rs. 40, Paperback Rs. 9.50.

History, gossip and imagination are skilfully interwoven in Vera Chatterjee's "All This Is Ended" which gives us a vivid account of one of the most colourful personalities in Indian history. The Begum Sumroo lived when the Moghul empire was crumbling and showed that being a woman was no handicap to being an intrepid and determined soldier. From an ordinary middle-class background she rose to command an army, aiding the Emperor of Hindustan and continuing to remain one of his most trusted lieutenants till the end of his days.

The writer employs an unusual but effective technique, merging herself into the period as the Begum's childhood friend and confidante. In the process she gives us a first hand pen-portrait of the Begum that is unabashedly idealised, almost verging on devotion, yet surprisingly one finds oneself going along with the narrator, even willing to whitewash her heroine as she wishes. What emerges is a picture of a woman-warrior — strong, capable, calculating to the point of ruthlessness, and also as a woman, deeply understanding, deeply committed to her loyalties and deeply religious.

Maria, a starving waif of six, meets Farzana, the future Princess of Sardhana, herself only a child, yet self-assured and already in command of the adult world. Farzana's party, travelling to Delhi after her father's death, find themselves lost on the outskirts of the city and Maria, a local guttersnipe, offers to show them the way. Each child's pride and impudence appeal to the other and Farzana orders that Maria be given a bath, clothes and food, stating that Maria will now be part of the household. This seals a lifelong friendship.

At 17, Farzana marries 47-year-old General Walter Reinhardt Sumroo, a German mercenary who commands a "tatterdemalion crowd drawn from the refuse of Europe... composed of tramps and loafers who, when

they were not paid, insulted and abused Sumroo." As a person he is "morose and remorselessly cruel" having a "tortured memory and conscience that wake him every night screaming and sobbing in horror."

What attracts Farzana to this strange man? She herself explains it as a marriage of convenience due to economic necessity and since her mother is dying, but Maria perceives an underlying attraction. She tells us, "All her life she loved to matter to someone; she adored challenges and her dictatorial and managerial nature loved a weakness that she alone would minister to." Over the years it became apparent that "these two strange persons understood each other, ill-assorted as they were."

As the Moghul Empire crumbled and the Deccan region was torn apart by Mahrattas, Jats and Sikhs, Sumroo consolidated his own position. He took the opportunity to raise a body of troops whom he trained and disciplined after the Europeans and hired out their services to one chief or another.

For the Begum this was to be an apprenticeship, and she sat with him and his officers planning the strategy for battles, gaining their respect as they often deferred to her skill and acumen. On the General's death eleven years later, both the European officers as well as the Indian troops of his regiment declared their loyalty to her and she assumed charge of her husband's brigades.

As a soldier she is sagacious and shrewd, capable of being tough to the point of ruthlessness. When two slave girls set fire to a group of houses, she orders them flogged and buried alive. She steels herself against pleas for mercy saying, "It is not possible... had it been an enemy of my own I could have pardoned it. These two women are enemies of my people. They have killed and rendered homeless those who not only did them no harm but were not even aware of their existence... I will not have it said that because I am a woman I failed in justice to my people because they are women."

Vera Chatterjee's talent lies in the descriptions of the tough, not the softer moments. One of the

most vivid passages of the book describes Ghulam Kadir's torture after his attempt to dethrone Emperor Shah Alam: "Unable to bear the abuse and insults, he cried out and his tongue was torn away. His hands and feet were hacked off and the bloody stumps left their trail of blood. His ears suffered the same treatment, but his eyes could still see — see God's blue sky above him, green trees and faces — faces like animals that mocked and spat — faces of pity and horror... and then a dagger was thrust into his eyes... the face was now a red sponge.... The flesh still quivered, the veins throbbed and the heart beat and then death came to his rescue on being hanged from the limb of a dead tree.

And in the hush following the impact of the goriness comes a sigh from the blinded Emperor himself: "And now the young Afghan hath destroyed the dignity of my empire." It's as if the writer is saying, "Cruelty degrades even as punishment it degrades."

Undoubtedly a gifted storyteller is Vera Chatterjee, though at times one wants to fault her for over-usage of emotive adjectives that one suspects do not always convey the flavour intended. But seen as a tribute from a woman of today to a woman of two centuries ago, most of all one objects to the title, "All This is Ended". The Begum's life may have ended and her times passed but the strengths of her woman's spirit pass down to a collective consciousness. For women today the Begum is a symbol exploding many feminine myths, suggesting endless possibilities.

THE GIRLS FROM OVERSEAS; by Nergis Dalal; Hind Pocket Books, Price Rs. 8.

It's a Mills and Boon with a difference. The writer is Indian, the setting is Indian, the characters are partly Indian partly foreign, and the women, instead of seeking romance, are seeking escape. But here the differences end. The players are true-to-type, one-dimensional M&B creations, the imagery equally clichéd and the plot equally uninteresting. The book ends up giving a condescending view of India and In-

dians through the eyes of upper class socialite foreigners who neither understand nor make any attempt to understand her complex culture. As such it is unlikely to appeal to the sensitive mind.

The story centers on five foreign women married to Indians settled in Dehra Dun, who form an exclusive kind of club, meeting for coffee mornings, garden parties and Christmas brunches with or without their husbands. Their lives emerge as vacuous as their personalities. The pivot of their collective existence is Jason, a foreigner like themselves, who travels abroad frequently, returning with armloads of perfumes and cosmetics, chocolates and cheese for each of them, and also indulgently doles out his favours in bed to them all. He is their contact with "back home."

Their whole world falls apart when Jason marries an "authentic" Indian girl, a classical dancer, with a successful career and a life of her own. The frustrated five are forced to question long held beliefs of the superiority of "emancipated" Western women as Maya's career success drives home the emptiness of their own existences. One of them contemplates divorce, another turns to witchcraft and the other three seek solace by engaging their minds in trivialities. Finally, as Jason is exposed as a jewellery smuggler and forced to leave the country without his authentic Indian wife, they settle back into their cushioned and comfortable emptiness with little change except that now there are four — the one who took to witchcraft has popped off after a heart attack, believing herself responsible for Jason's being exposed. She appears to have been lucky.

Tossed into this hybrid stew, the only endearing characters are the animals (which we are told Indians don't know how to care for) — a dog, Lindy, a puppy, Simba and a nameless ginger cat who chases one and is chased by the other, but even this playful sequence is marred by throwing in a cobra and dog fight that appears more absurd than real, or even amusing.

The jacket blurb states that the book "shines with wit and intelligence." Have read the book. Am still waiting for the wit and intelligence.

Meher Pestonji

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BEAUTY BULLETIN

HAIR ON FOREHEAD

I have unwanted hair at the sides of my forehead; how can I remove it? I have tried bleaching, but as the growth is thick, it does not take the bleach well.

J.M.M. (Delhi)

There are several methods of removing superfluous hair. Depilatory creams, lotions and powders will help. But you must take care to use quality products, otherwise they may irritate your skin.

Waxing removes hair roots. Wax can be bought or you can make it yourself at home. Heat one kilogram of sugar and to it add juice of two lemons. When the sugar caramels and the wax is ready remove from the fire. Add a little water to the mixture, if it becomes lumpy, allow it to cool, then store in a jar.

When the wax is bearably hot, with a wooden spatula, spread it on the parts to be de-

fuzzed. Press on the area a strip of cloth and pull, in one swift movement, in the direction of hair growth. After the hair is removed, apply cold cream on the defuzzed parts.

PROBLEM OF DOUBLE CHIN



You can have the waxing done at a parlour before you try the process yourself.

TRY THIS EXERCISE

Please suggest an exercise for getting rid of double chin.

I have another problem. My skin is greasy with open pores and when I apply make-up it comes off fast. How can I make it stay longer?

B. R. (Jamshedpur)

Here is an exercise to get rid of your double chin.

Clasp hands behind your back, then slowly bend back as far as possible, resisting the movement with your arms. Return to the starting position by pulling with arms, resisting with neck muscles. Repeat 10 times.

Try this remedy for your second problem: Apply lime juice on the skin and leave it on for some time. When dry, rinse well. This will close pores and your make-up will stay longer. Or you can dab an

astringent on the skin before applying make-up.

TONING UP SAGGING MUSCLES

I am extremely fond of horse riding and cycling. Will these help to tone up my waist hips and thighs? These parts are flabby and I have no time to do any exercises, but I do riding regularly.

I saw a plastic container marked "Dry Shampoo" in one of the shops. What is it?

P.C. (Bombay)

Horse riding will certainly tone up your waistline, hips and thighs due to the galloping action of the horse.

Cycling is beneficial as pedalling tones up and trims thighs. And uphill pushes bring the arm and chest muscles into play.

Dry shampoo comes in powder form. It is sprinkled all over the scalp, then removed by brushing. Brushing has to be done thoroughly to remove every trace of the powder.

WOMEN IN FOCUS

The isometric system of exercises has gained great popularity in the last few years because of the ease with which the exercises are performed and the fine results that can be obtained within a short time. Through this system, Shyamala Chandran of Bangalore has helped not only to trim down but also to set right a number of psychosomatic disorders both in men and women.

Being a chronic hypothyroid patient herself Shyamala was advised by her doctor to go on a diet-isometric exercise course. The exercises were very effective and she found herself losing weight and inches very fast. She also felt better, brighter, and more relaxed within a month.

She then read a number of books about the isometric system of exercises. Hearing that there were similarities between the Yoga system and the isometric system, she attended a yoga course also. When her doctor requested her to teach a set of iso-

SHYAMALA CHANDRAN

BLENDING ISOMETRICS AND YOGA

metric exercises to a patient of his for reducing, she did it as a helpful gesture. This was in 1973. Soon there were a number of patients. She started her first clinic called Slim Wise Unit at Madras, under the guidance of Dr. Chinakrishna, her family doctor.

Her first patient at the clinic was a lady with a distended abdomen and a torn corset muscle due to a complicated delivery. Shyamala recalls with great pride and pleasure how the lady lost nearly 12 kgs in just two and a half months. Her abdomen also

tightened considerably by about seven inches.

When her husband was transferred to Bangalore, she opened Slim Wise Unit No. 2 there.



Apart from slimming, figure toning, and spot reductions, Shyamala has also cured cases of asthma, irregular menstrual cycles, allergies, migraines and a few eye disorders. Her most memorable cases were, Shyamala says, a gentleman who lost 30 kgs. in just six months and a girl whom she helped to cure of an ulcer in her eyes, which she had had from her birth. Almost all her chronic ailment cases have shown remarkable cures. Her success, she feels, lies in her combining

both isometric and yogic exercises.

Shyamala has treated 700 patients so far. The treatment and duration vary according to the individual. Normally, a course extends from six weeks to three months. According to Shyamala, there are a number of advantages in this system of exercises. There is no need for any gadgets. It can be done at any time of the day and even as one is doing some other work. No severe diet restrictions are needed except in some extreme cases. The patient reports only once a week when the next set of exercises are given. The slow systematic build up of exercises week by week extend up to six weeks, then it is practised for a month more, and then it slowly tapers down.

She has hardly advertised in the papers about her clinics, but her clientele has been built up mainly by oral advertisement. Most of the patients, who keep pouring in, have been advised to go to her either by her old patients who have benefited by her treatment or by doctors.

Jayashree Kumar

A cursory glance at the culture and life style of the Goans shows that a long period of 450 years of Portuguese rule has influenced their way of life so much that it still clings to them. One of these is the habit of drinking. Truly speaking, the attitude of the Goans towards drinking is very healthy. And this extends to their attitude towards women working as bartenders.

Usually, in the rest of India, the mere thought of women working in bars conjures up visions of crude horse play and depravity, of immorality and sin. But in Goa, people do not attach any social stigma to this, nor do they indulge in any bad behaviour after drinking. One rarely finds them overstepping the limits of decency at the bar.

Thus it is possible for women to take up the work of selling



GOA'S LIQUOR LADIES



liquor. It is a pleasant sight to see these women with their smiling faces, dazzling ornaments and colourful clothes attending to the customers.

Interviews with a few of these women showed their attitude to their work and why and how they have taken it up. "Amka ye kaam vait disa na" (This work does not appear bad to us), stated Rosy, working at a bar in Panjim. Unlike in most other parts of India, in Goa, women working in bars or taverns are not looked down upon. Even young girls are often seen at the counter. This is because drinking is not considered an evil addition. It is a normal and pleasant social activity.

Besides, the behaviour of the customers also is not disquieting. "Anga log bore asa. Kenna bhi mosti kari na te. Yeje khatir amka anga tavernan raopak medta." (Here people are nice, they

never behave badly. Therefore we are able to work here at the tavern) says Laxmi of Laxmi Bar at Usgaon Tisca Market.

Nearly 90 per cent of the bars and taverns are attached to the houses of the owners. Consequently the women do not have to shuttle from house to bar and bar to house. They can attend both to their household chores and to the customers. "Gharache ant tavernache, dono kaam karta ami," (I do the work of both my house and the tavern) is the answer of most of the women bartenders on being questioned as to which of the two chores they undertake. Often the old ladies of the house also help. For example, in the S.F. Fernandes (Martin) Taverna of Panjim, the first to start during the Portuguese regime, the daughter of the owner, the late Mrs. Anna Maria Fernandes, was an active helper in the tavern. Gradually she took over

the whole responsibility and looked after it till she grew too old and handed it over to her son. At present it is attended mostly by Mrs. B. Fernandes.

The men folk are usually away from home collecting sur and toddy (juices of the coconut tree required for making country liquor). They are very busy during the months of April, May and June collecting nero and arrack (juices of cashewnuts to make kaaju fenny).

Even during the other months the men of the family are busy driving, vending, etc. to add to their income. "Maje go sokale ani sanche gaadi cholaita," (my husband drives vehicles in the morning and evening) says Christina, a women liquor seller of Vasco.

Because of the good income from selling liquor these women are not interested in alternative occupation. "Naka, naka, maka dusrem kam naka," (No, no, I do not want other work) was the reply of Reena working at a bar at Mapusa.

The sale of liquor, apart from being profitable, is to a great extent, free from the problems involved in other types of business. And another reason why these women refuse to take up jobs outside is that during their absence their business is adversely affected. This was the experience of a Hindu woman bartender of Ponda taluka. She took up the job of an ayah for a reasonably handsome salary, but after some time she found that the work in

her tavern got upset. Occasional closing of the tavern, lack of attention to the customers, husband unable to take up work, all these brought about too many problems. She had to leave the ayah's job and return to the tavern, she said.

Another middle aged lady began selling vegetables, leaving the bar in the care of her husband. She was called back by her husband as he found himself unable to manage the bar by himself.

But this does not mean that these women spend their entire life looking after the business. They enjoy fairs, festivals and social functions like any other woman. On Sunday mornings few Christian women are seen at their liquor shops. "Sodan aitarache ami missak oota," (I go to Mass every Sunday) says Luira, a woman wholesale liquor seller. Hindu women close their shops during Ganesh Chaturthi (the biggest Hindu festival of Goa) Dipavali and Dussera.

Capable of handling all the other problems of selling liquor, the women feel the need for help in making up the accounts at the end of the day. So husband and wife sit together and tackle the accounts. "Aplya eklyan ye kaam jay na, ami dogai jana korta," (I alone cannot do this work, we two do it) is the answer of most of these women on being questioned as to how they manage the accounts.

Today one finds mostly old or middle aged married women attending to the bar. Young girls are seen but rarely. The attitude of the younger generation of women is changing. Most of the girls want to find other careers. With the increase in educational opportunities and the opening up of new and more exciting careers, girls aspire to go for those rather than spend their lives selling liquor to bucolic customers in a backward village or small town. So how long the present practice of women working at bars will continue is anybody's guess. As one woman bartender said, "Padaita magir kide jata" (We will see what happens in future).

This does not mean that shortly a time will come when women will disappear from the bars of Goa. Firstly, employment opportunities are not all that plentiful. Secondly, the liquor business does yield a good income, and thirdly, the work is much more interesting than work in factories and offices. The women of Goa are too canny to exchange their health and happiness for the tinsel glamour of city life.

Bina Mukherjee

HI YA HONEY!

By an Alves called Johnnie

POPULARITY IS NOT A COMPETITIVE SPORT, IT'S A QUALITY

Honey, why is it that some girls are invited out all the time, while others sit beside the telephone waiting for the tinkle that never comes? No, it's not looks. Honey, if it were only looks and figures then all the invites would go to Raquel Welch or Zeenat Aman. The fact of course is that even the plain Janes have a good share of Adam's attention. What then is the secret of success? In one word, personality. Everybody has it in some measure, but with some it's spelt poisonality. You've got to learn to develop friendliness and human understanding and voila, you are a success!

Society leaves the icebergs alone, so don't be cold and distant. Why is it love, that we pat the doe and avoid the snake? Simple common sense. The doe is a dear and the snake cannot be trusted.

Do you like children? If you don't, keep mum. When you visit your friend and her four-year-old son pours water down your back, bear it and say, "What a darling! He's an inventive genius." Don't tell the mother that she has given birth to a moron, or you'll never be invited to her house again.

Once my friend's little pet son, Prit, started pulling my hair. All I did was to say, "My! He is strong, isn't he?" and when his mother left the room to fetch me a drink, I threw a book at him when he was looking away. He didn't see me throw it, but he knew that there was something fishy and avoided me the next time.

Honey, what you don't like is sarcasm and the other party is no exception. So the next time you see Esmeralda in a dress she wears often, stop the urge to say, "You do like that dress, don't you?" She'll stammer something about it being cool or comfortable or that she likes it for sentimental reasons, but honey, you've made an enemy for life.

One of the qualities that people admire honey, is humility. With it you can get by in life, but if you think that you have no faults or failings or that nothing about you stinks, you're in for a sad surprise. So stop trying to show off too much. You may think you are making a hit at a party, but you must remember that most people are polite and won't take the trouble of telling you that they are wondering why all the clowns they meet are not in the circus. I used to think that it was my business to liven up a party until my wife told me one day, "John, if you think the party is dull, leave it that way. Don't make it worse."

Are you capable of telling small white lies to spare other people embarrassment, or are you the one who gloats over the troubles of others? If you are the latter, how can you be popular? On the other hand, do not build up a reputation of being a liar. Then no one will trust you. You cannot trust my friend Clifford now even if he swears that he is lying.

Honey, don't go out of your way to be popular. Popularity is not a sport to excel in, it comes to those who do not seek it. Otherwise you'll end up like Susan. If she were given the choice of a man with brains, money or appearance, she would pick appearance — and the sooner the better.

Go about life with a smile honey, and you'll find that the world will smile right back at you. Do not have a disposition like that of an untipped waiter; it's bad for your liver as well. Be tolerant of other people's faults and put them at ease and take a keen interest in their lives. Don't pry, but help, and you'll find the sun will suddenly shine. If you do not listen to me honey, you'll end up like my friend Noeline. She was born in Bandra, but worse things have happened to other places as well.

Until next time then.

AM I LOSING YOU?

Many years ago, when the moon was young;

And our hearts played the same tune,
We often stood 'neath the bougainvillae

Brushing noses.

Weaving dreams,
of a glorious tomorrow.

Now I am a little figure
by your side.

But you are taller — touched by
success.

Broader with prosperity. Acknowledged by the world.

And I, a shadow behind you,
With a mediocre life behind me,
Nothing gained — much lost.

You no longer stand with me
'neath the bougainvillae,
And watch the moon
peeping thru' the paper petals.

You are busy —
Plucking stars;

And I stand by in a trance.
The magic of the night is lost.
You do not feel the thrill I feel.

You and I —
We are no longer on the same
plane.

Still there — yet not there.

Separate in our different worlds:
You ride the sun

and I watch: benumbed, from
the earth.

You do not hear the whimper
of the saddened bougainvillae,
Which at one time stirred your heart.
A walk along the frilly edge of water
is forgotten.

Sitting on the scaly rocks,
leaning 'gainst each other,
Throwing pebbles in the water
With the salt breeze on our cheeks,
are things of the past.

Whatever is the car for? you say.
Yes. Whatever is the car for!
Is this what they call progress?
or is it degeneration...

Can I dream of reliving those little
moments of joy?

Just once?
'Neath the bougainvillae,

Brushing noses,
Holding hands? Will you come?
You have not heard.

You are busy — plucking stars.
Tell me dearest, tell me truly:
Am I losing you?
Am I really?

Thrity E. Bharucha

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USP

HE was a 65-year-old drop out our uncle Dilu. He had dropped out years before they had even thought of the word, and at a time when it wasn't a subject for psychiatrists' couches and magazine articles. And mind you, he dropped out in proper style. He had long hair because he couldn't afford a hair cut, he said. He wore a rudraksha bead necklace, though he insisted he did so under duress. The sadhu who had gratuitously given it to him had threatened that if Dilu

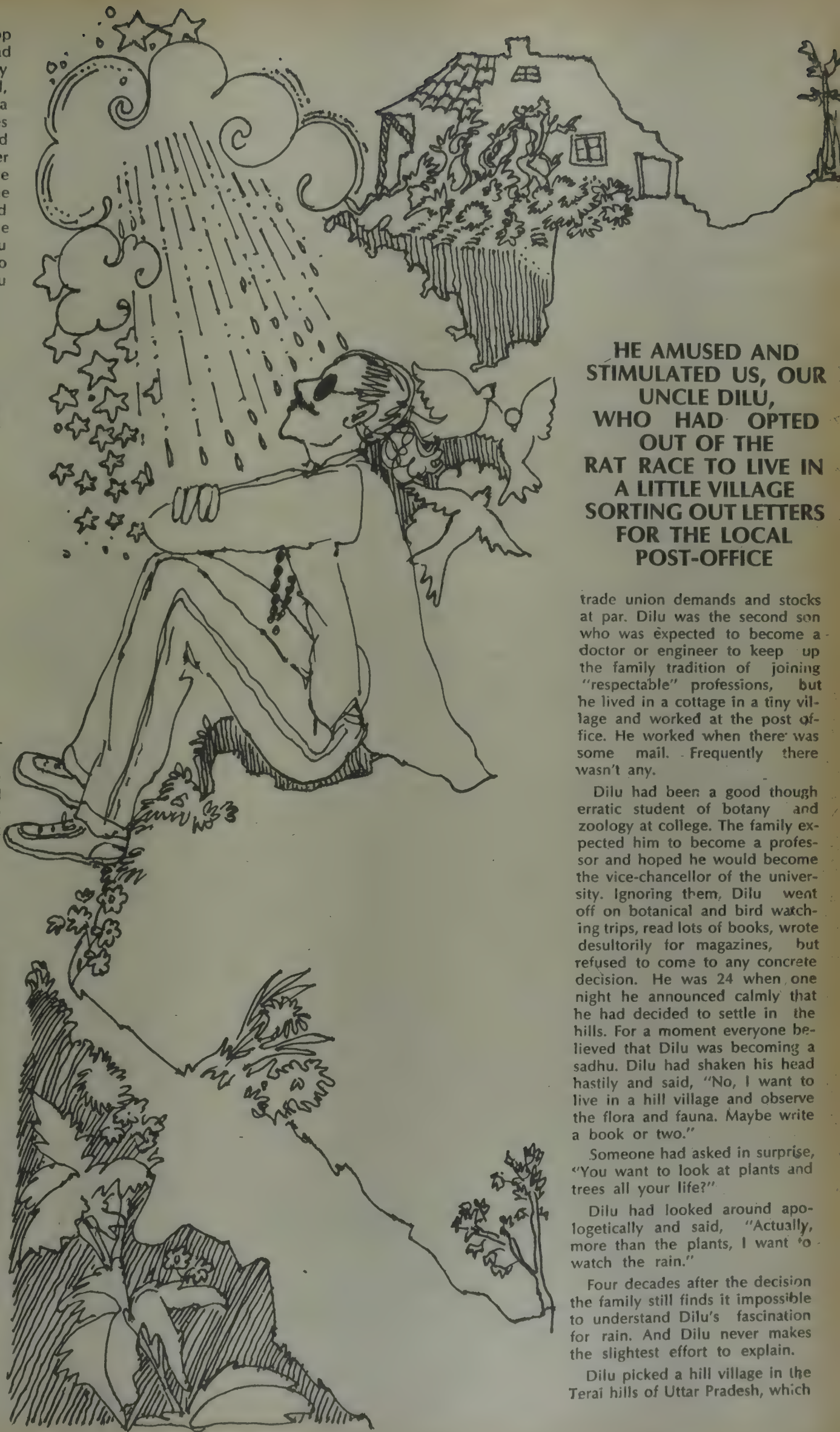
A REQUEST TO THE CREATOR OF THE DUCK-BILL PLATYPUS

Subadra Sen Gupta

didn't wear it, he would be crippled for life. And Dilu admitted he valued his legs a lot. In the mountains a wooden leg would be a decided disadvantage. He had tried a flowing beard, but it kept getting tangled in his kurta buttons and so he reverted to shaving.

All in all, he presented an interesting picture — a face like an amiable horse wearing glasses, always clad in khadi kurtas with pockets which sagged with such necessities as a magnifying glass, a pen-knife, peanuts, small bottles with perforated caps, a half eaten apricot, the day's newspaper and other sundries such as a dog leash and cigarettes. He always wore sneakers in an awful shade of greasy brown and old baggy corduroys. In the summer he would tie his hair into a pony tail which would hop around on his back as he loped about the mountainside followed by three grinning dogs.

Dilu was all the more unusual because of the kind of family he came from. Our grandfather and his eldest son were both affluent lawyers. The third son retired as Secretary of a Government Ministry. My father, the youngest, was director of business concerns and spent his time chewing a cigar, talking of market conditions,



HE AMUSED AND
STIMULATED US, OUR
UNCLE DILU,
WHO HAD OPTED
OUT OF THE
RAT RACE TO LIVE IN
A LITTLE VILLAGE
SORTING OUT LETTERS
FOR THE LOCAL
POST-OFFICE

trade union demands and stocks at par. Dilu was the second son who was expected to become a doctor or engineer to keep up the family tradition of joining "respectable" professions, but he lived in a cottage in a tiny village and worked at the post office. He worked when there was some mail. Frequently there wasn't any.

Dilu had been a good though erratic student of botany and zoology at college. The family expected him to become a professor and hoped he would become the vice-chancellor of the university. Ignoring them, Dilu went off on botanical and bird watching trips, read lots of books, wrote desultorily for magazines, but refused to come to any concrete decision. He was 24 when one night he announced calmly that he had decided to settle in the hills. For a moment everyone believed that Dilu was becoming a sadhu. Dilu had shaken his head hastily and said, "No, I want to live in a hill village and observe the flora and fauna. Maybe write a book or two."

Someone had asked in surprise, "You want to look at plants and trees all your life?"

Dilu had looked around apologetically and said, "Actually, more than the plants, I want to watch the rain."

Four decades after the decision the family still finds it impossible to understand Dilu's fascination for rain. And Dilu never makes the slightest effort to explain.

Dilu picked a hill village in the Terai hills of Uttar Pradesh, which

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my hair if I use oil

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KTASU

A REQUEST TO THE CREATOR OF THE DUCK-BILL PLATYPUS

boasted of a primary school and a post-office. It was the post-office job which made up Dilu's mind. He lived in a two-roomed cottage on a slope with gardens in front and at the back so that from below, his house looked banked with flowers. There was a kitchen garden on the side where Dilu grew vegetables "scientifically" and when the mood struck him, he would write erudite articles on birds. At times, things were hard for him. He would fall ill, or his vegetable crop would get spoiled, but Dilu never asked anyone for money.

Every morning after working in his garden, a long walk and breakfast, Dilu would saunter over to the post-office with his dogs, chatting with everyone he met on the way, and he had all the time in the world for the rain.

By the time I was old enough to appreciate Dilu, he was in his forties. He had come to the city on a rare trip. My twin brothers were twelve, and I, their only sister, was ten. For us Dilu was like all our heroes descending from heaven — story-teller, expert at marbles and kite-flying, fanatic Sherlock Holmes fan, possessing such fascinating talents as knowing card tricks, the names of constellations, the number of stairs in the Qutub Minar, how to press flowers, make paper kettles in which you could actually boil water over a candle and, best of all, he was intensely allergic to homework, milk and polite conversation.

When he was leaving, looking at our tragic tearful faces, Dilu's resolve finally broke and he invited us children to visit him in the summer. Those summer trips to Dilu's hill village became an annual event and weeks ahead we would feel our excitement grow. My mother would pack as if Dilu's village was in a desert. We would reach there loaded with tinned food, powdered milk, bread and biscuits, which Dilu would promptly distribute among the villagers.

We would spend a month roaming the hills, playing with the dogs, working in his garden and eating huge meals. Dilu taught us gardening, fishing, tree climbing and even some cooking. We made the breakfast and tea every day. We would sit with him squinting upwards watching clouds scudding across the sky, finding fantastic mythical creatures form and disappear. In the evenings Dilu would play old 78's on his hand operated gramophone and next day we would walk up mountain lanes belting out old Saigal film songs to the startled birds. After every rendering, Dilu would clap

loudly and say, "Thank God, Saigal is dead and can't hear you!"

He never forbade us from reading any book, so at twelve I struggled through Bankim Chandra and even made an unsuccessful sortie into "The Brothers Karamazov".

Once we were picnicking by a tiny hill stream, cooling our feet wading around and hunting for smooth round pebbles. Dilu sat cross-legged by the water like a contemplative Buddha, smoking a cigarette, when one of the twins suddenly asked, "Dilu, do you think there is a God?"

Dilu, as always, treating the question with utmost seriousness, thought for a while and then said, "I believe in Him at times, but, shall we say, He is kind of invisible in emergencies? But then there is the duck-bill platypus, the egg laying mammal with a beak and webbed feet, I think you need a superior intelligence and sense of humour to create something like that." He paused, and then continued, "Let's say He is rather like an absent minded friend," For an off-the-cuff answer it wasn't bad.

All our questions got an answer, or at least an attempt at one. Once, when I confidentially, checked up on the possibility of becoming pregnant if you kissed a boy, he grinned widely and said, "Well, the doctors say you don't and they should know." He grinned again. "Though I must admit I have no personal experience in the matter, never having tried kissing boys." And he slapped his knee and roared with laughter. As a serious 13-year-old asking a vital question, I didn't find it funny at all.

At 17 and beyond, when we were at war with parents and teachers, Dilu was our big hope for non-conformity, eccentricity and rebellion. He gave us a glimpse of another choice in life beyond the path being irrevocably mapped out by our parents.

The twins decided on science in school not because our parents wished it, but because Dilu had communicated to them his passion for scientific and logical thought. When I learned knitting, it wasn't because my mother felt good little girls were expected to do so, but because I wanted to knit Dilu a huge blue pull-over. The adults in the family all sensed Dilu's influence on us and they were not always pleased. I suppose our constant protest, "But Dilu says..." was a bit hard on their nerves.

Gradually, criticisms of Dilu's way of life were aired before us. He was considered selfish because he lived alone and seemed to enjoy his own company. More, they called him a failure because after the expensive education and privileged childhood that his parents had given him, he had wasted it all and was sorting out letters at a post-office. His lack of a sense of duty was always heavily emphasized. But the worst contempt was reserved for his statement about "watching the rain." Someone would say, "Thank goodness, Dilu at least had the sense not to marry. I don't think a wife worried about money would appreciate a husband who is content to watch the rain." It was true of course.

However, we had never any feeling of contempt or disapproval for Dilu. We admitted that Dilu was no rock of Gibraltar. Living alone for years had led to eccentric habits and he had developed a sense of solitariness. Dilu wouldn't remember your birthday or check to see if you had put on enough warm clothes. At times when he was absorbed in something we would have eggs for breakfast, eggs for lunch and again eggs for dinner. Dilu wouldn't notice if you were running a fever or that you were risking pneumonia getting wet in an icy drizzle. We didn't want Dilu all the year round — just for that one summer month. He stayed our friend and philosopher, though never a guide. Dilu never guided anyone through anything. He watched you getting bogged in a complicated maths equation or a book of abstract poems and then pulled you out, grinning. He taught us how to laugh. He would re-read a Wodehouse for the tenth time and still laugh so much he had to choke it in a handkerchief. But if you wanted to judge quite impartially, Dilu's only saving grace seemed to be his affection for us three.

It was only gradually that we realized the reason behind Dilu's flight to the hills. It wasn't what his brothers thought — an inca-

capacity to cope with life. It was rejection. Why he did so we could never completely comprehend. In the beginning we used to speculate romantically about broken love affairs, but our uncles pooh poohed the image of Dilu as a twentieth century Devdas. Dilu we felt, was by nature a solitary man, he was a natural loner.

As children of the 60's and 70's, we appreciated Dilu's rebellion. He rejected the present society without bursting a single bomb or loading a single rifle. And through all the disapproval and contempt he retained his charity and sense of humour.

When Dilu had announced his irresponsible urge to watch the rain, he was talking in his usual hyperbole. It was simply that his blithe spirit wanted to stay among flowers and birds and live his life according to his inner urges. If he felt like it, he wanted to be able to sit on his verandah with a mug of coffee and cigarettes watching the rains mist up the mountains or, on clear cold nights, try to spot Ursa Major and Cygnus constellations. That was his simple ambition and he achieved it.

As my father and uncles grew old I sometimes sensed in them a touch of envy for Dilu. Once, as they discussed diabetes and heart attacks, ulcers and blood pressure, Dilu, looking sprightly and tanned, joined in politely and said, "I am short sighted, you know," then admitted modestly, "It wasn't my fault of course. Inherited, genetic."

They talked of pensions and income-tax, and Dilu said innocently, "Never paid any in my life.. You have to fill up a lot of forms I hear." None of us chose Dilu's way of life. One of the twins studied physics and then, as if remembering all those nights watching Orion and Vega in a mountain sky, branched out into Astrophysics. The other developed a passion for computers and in his free time composes poetry on his favourite computer lady love. I haven't done anything exceptional. In that way I'm a bit like Dilu. I just got married and had a baby and adopted another. I don't know if I am a good mother or not, it's for the children to say. All I know is that they rather enjoy having a mother who watches clouds with them and can still climb a tree.

Dilu is now with his friend, the Creator of the duck-bill platypus, but he's left a little of him in each one of us. We are all convinced he has attained nirvana and we have only one request to his divine friend: We hope it rains there.

Our sportswomen need and deserve more attention and encouragement than they get. We do our bit on this page.

A YOUNG BRAND OF BADMINTON

Shirish Nadkarni

Youth, even extreme youth, is fast making its presence felt in most sports, both in India, and elsewhere in the world. Recently, the exploits of 13 year old Anita Sood in the swimming-pool formed the Indian echo to the feats of a bunch of German and Australian girls just into their teens in major international meets. Amreeta Ahluwalia, Rina Einy & Co. gave the Indian tennis fan the hope of better things to come even as Tracy Austin was battling veteran Billie-Jean King, twice her age, in a see-saw Wimbledon quarter-final. Ameeta Kulkarni, Radhika Bose and Madhumita Goswami have given clear intimation of their fierce vow to topple the top Indian twosome of Ami Ghia and Kanwal Thakur Singh, who have shared the last six national singles titles in badminton.

The three girls of whom Ameeta is the eldest at sixteen, burst into real prominence during the Western India Championships at Aurangabad last year, making a clean sweep of all the female singles titles at stake there. At the time, there was little to choose between the three: Madhumita won the sub-junior crown, Ameeta the junior title, and 14-year-old Radhika amazed everyone by notching a superb triumph in the women's singles.

In the All-India Invitation Championships sponsored by the Hukamchand Mills at Indore recently, the spotlight was well and truly trained on this trio. Ami and Kanwal have, for some inexplicable reason, not been playing in most tournaments on the domestic circuit for the last two years; but eventually turn up for the nationals, and manage to keep the final meeting between them. They are not going to find things that easy from now on.

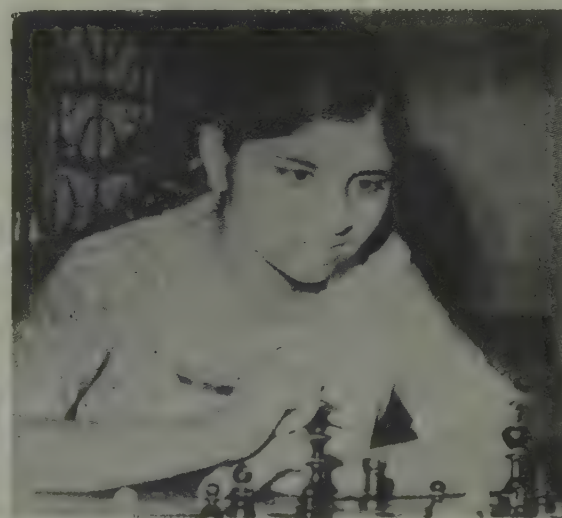
Before the start of the seventies, the stage was held by innate stroke players like Damayanti Subedar-Tambe and Shobha Moorthy-Mehta, who got their points with excellence of courtcraft and strokeplay, but were not so quick on their feet.

The seventies brought into focus young players like Ami, Sujata Jain, Maureen Mathias, Kanwal, who got to the top while still in their teens. Kanwal was the quickest of the lot, while Ami was the shrewdest tactician. This bunch dominated badminton at home, but could make no impression in international competitions, being far too slow as compared to the nimble, hard-hitting players



Shirish Nadkarni

Ameeta Kulkarni receiving one of her numerous prizes in badminton.



Shirish Nadkarni

Jayashree Khadilkar, India's only woman international master (chess).

from elsewhere in Asia and on the Continent.

The close of the seventies now focuses attention on a brand of youngsters who are fanatics for training, who really work hard at their badminton. They are supple, very fit, and have fine court coverage. The department in which they are deficient at the moment is big-match temperament.

Maharashtra's Ameeta Kulkarni is the strongest and best built of the lot. She hits strongly from both flanks and reaches the bird at the net with the correct amount of stretching. She took the singles crown at Indore, but

not before she had received a real fright from her team-mate Radhika. Ameeta looks all set to take the national singles crown in the near future, if she can gain control over her nerves at the time of an important match. One fault with her game is her erroneous service style in singles, where she contacts the shuttle at times over the waist. In international matches, she is likely to be mercilessly faulted for this shortcoming.

Madhumita is the most pleasing mover on the court — really quick. She also employs a nice pattern of crosscourt attack. But when she begins giving away negative points, it is in a string. One often forgets she is only 14. Radhika, despite the handicap of flat feet, is a great little fighter, and chases the shuttle tirelessly. The semi-final at Indore between these two was a strange affair — Radhika just about managing to bag the first game before Madhumita pulverised her at love in the second, only to concede the third at 2-11 to the Bombay girl with a series of unforced errors.

The girls still have a long, long way to go before they can hope to make a dent in the armour of countries like England, Japan, China, Malaysia, and others. One recalls that the last two meetings in the Uber Cup between India and Malaysia have ended in 7-0 and 6-1 victories for the Malaysians. By the time of the next Uber Cup in 1980, it will still be too early to expect wonders from Ameeta, Radhika and Madhumita. But in the 1983 series, they should be experienced enough to

take over the mantle from their seniors.

There was to be another Ameeta in the limelight — an Ameeta for whom '13' proved lucky. The 13th Carrom Nationals ended in bitter disappointment for India's top woman player Nalini Bolinjar who fought so successfully for women's equal rights with men in open events. Nalini went down by a solitary point in the deciding game of a long-drawn out final in Nagpur, to Sri Lanka's Ameeta Wickremasinghe. Both women displayed a nice sense of touch on the board, and were locked at 28-all in the third game. Dame Luck decided, in her inscrutable way, to smile upon the visitor.

Further laurels were in store for Ameeta. With her elder sister Pradeepa, she also bagged the Women's doubles, to register a rare double in the tournament.

International master Jayshree Khadilkar, who has the proud distinction of being India's first and only chess player to win the international title, is likely to find the going rough in the World Championships which are round the corner. In the 17th National 'B' Chess Championships, she displayed rather indifferent form, to be nowhere among the top five. Her opening foray against Sukhpal Singh of Rajasthan ended in a defeat; and a round later, P. K. Singh of Bihar ruined what confidence she had left.

Maharashtra's Shernaz Mistry, who has shown up so promisingly among the women players, was also firmly put in her place in the Nationals. But she has decided to take corrective action, and do something about improving her performance in the game that has become a way of life to her. Shernaz has

INTERNATIONAL SPORTSWOMAN OF THE MONTH

Our vote goes to Stella Zakarova of the U.S.S.R. who laid low Montreal Olympic champion, Rumania's wonder gymnast Nadia, who will have to train harder than ever if she hopes to retain her title of the world's best woman gymnast at the approaching Moscow Olympics. In the 1979 World Cup gymnastics, she was overshadowed by Stella Zakarova of the U.S.S.R., who won the combined individual event with a score of 39.30 marks out of a possible 40. Nadia's score, despite perfect 10 marks in her favourite floor exercises was exactly 39, and it gave her an over-all fourth position. She was unable to match the suppleness of the 15-year-old Stella on the bars.

It is interesting to note that Stella came in at the very last minute as a substitute. Until she won the Soviet National championships in May 1979, she was virtually unknown. Nadia will also have to contend at Moscow with Nelli Kim, who ran her close at Montreal. Nelli will have her home crowd solidly behind her; at Tokyo, she occupied the second position in the table, along with Rumanian Emile Eberie, yet another new star in gymnastics. So many new faces come into the international gymnastics arena that a champion this year may be outclassed next time! It seems like just last year that Olga Korbut, as a teenager, had made herself the darling of millions with her flawless displays in this sport.

conducts training courses which include intensive ground training and a series of ten free-fall or sky-diving jumps. The three army wives, with Mrs. Thomas donning the "camouflage kit," completed the ten mandatory jumps in fine style. It was a new way of "falling to fame"!

On the international scene, the magic figure of 4 minutes, 20 seconds for the mile for women runners came even closer in the sight of aspirants, with American Mary Decker's eclipse of the world record of 4 min. 23.8 seconds standing in the name of Rumania's Natalia Maracescu. Running at a meet of champions at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, the U.S. athlete clipped .3 of a second off the old mark.

In Paris Russian Olga Vakhusheva ran the fastest 800 metres this year. Her timing of 1 min. 57.1 secs. was just two seconds outside the world mark.

TELL US

This is the seventh in our "Women in Sports" series and we would now like to know whether you find it useful, interesting and encouraging. If there are any changes or additional information you would like incorporated into the column, do write and tell us.



ABOVE: The first Indian women sky divers just before a jump. Photo shows (from left) Mrs. Nishi Singh, Mrs. Chantal Singh, Mrs. Rachel Thomas, Brig. O. P. Sabharwal, SM, Vice-Chairman, Sky Diving Institute, Agra, Mrs. Satinder Bath and Capt. Shamsher Singh.

LEFT: Mrs. Rachel Thomas, one of the women sky divers, with her diving gear.

left for the U.S. for a six-months coaching course. She will be in the able hands of 75-year-old Jack Collins, who will give her advanced training in chess methods and manoeuvres. The septuagenarian, it will be remembered, was the chief coach of the stormy petrel of chess and one-time world champion, American Bobby Fischer.

Indian sportswomen are also taking to the skies. In early May 1979, three women, all wives of Army officers of the Parachute Brigade, fitted themselves with modified T-10 parachutes, and dived out of a Beaver aircraft at 3300 feet, to indulge in a sport that is active work for their husbands. Satinder Bath, Rachel Thomas and Nishi Singh thus became the first lady sky-divers in the country; and very likely, the first in South-east Asia.

Sky-diving as a sport first became organised with the establishment of the Sky-Diving Institute, Agra, under the auspices of the Indian Sky-Diving Federation. The Institute



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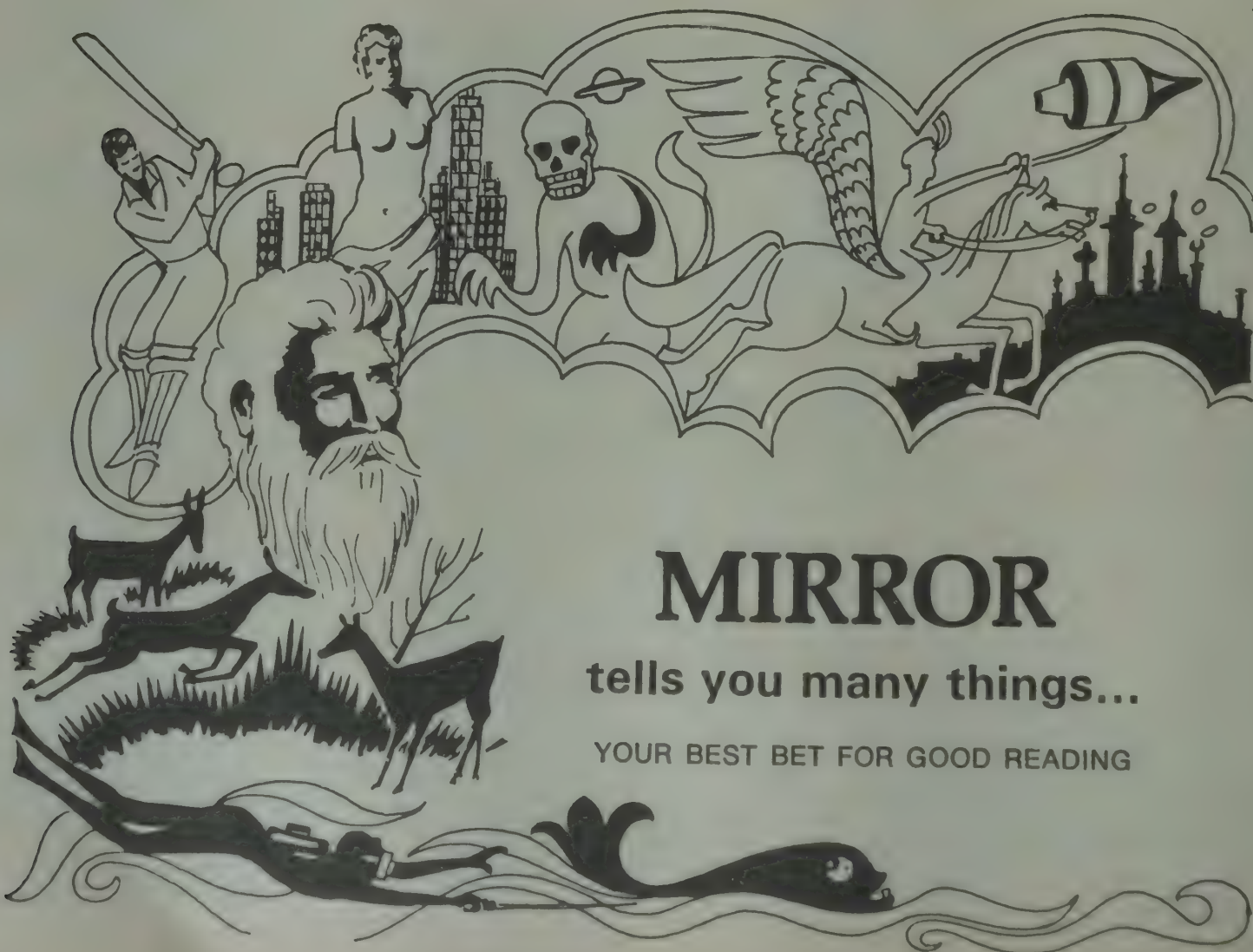
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MIRROR

tells you many things...

YOUR BEST BET FOR GOOD READING

INTERVIEW WITH AMEETA KULKARNI

There's a tall, dark, sixteen-year-old girl who has taken the Indian badminton scene by storm in the course of the last two years. She hits the bird hard, moves like a gazelle on the court; and is fast becoming the one to watch as a prime contender for the women's singles crown of the country.

Very rarely does a junior win the senior title at the same championship at the state level. Prakash Padukone did it at the national level in the 1971-72 Madras Nationals; Ami Ghia very nearly did it when she won the senior crown, but was beaten for the junior title by her partner at the time, Sujata Jain. Ameeta bagged the junior and senior titles at the Maharashtra State Championships at Dhulia last year, even bettering her record of bagging the singles, doubles and mixed crowns in both junior and sub-junior events the previous year!

Her victim in last year's final was former national junior champion Sujata Jain, who could end up with only five points per game against the fast fit Ameeta. Ameeta plotted her moves against Sujata with the willingness of a veteran, attacking her rival's weak backhand baseline corner, and finishing off the returns with crosscourt smashes.

If Ameeta was beaten in the Nationals by Ami earlier this year, it was only because of poor match temperament. She was a bundle of nerves before and during the match, overhitting and netting shots which she would normally not have done.

Ameeta's strong physique comes from her love of swimming from a very early age. She was good at the breast stroke and won several prizes at the Scottish Orphanage School. She first held a badminton racket at the age of eleven; her first shots were guided by Ravindra Dongre, a former Thomas Cup player for India, and the doubles partner of the legendary Nandu Natekar. Then, professional coach Homi Taleyarkhan took her under his wing, and her real progress began.

In 1976, she stamped herself as the leading sub-junior in the country. Bombay's established seniors began to feel the power of her strokes; Kaushalya Hinduja, Punita Kotak, Sucheta Kajale, all fell prey to her. A fifteen-day trip to China on a cultural exchange programme in April 1978 did her tremendous good. She began to appreciate the true value of training — the junior girls in China were so good that Ameeta could muster only one point from their junior champion! That really opened her eyes; and she became a regular visitor at dawn to the Juhu sands for workouts.

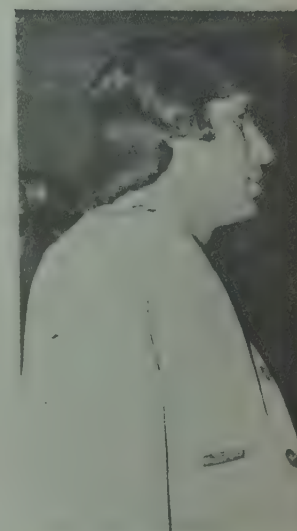
Now in junior college Ameeta has her sights firmly trained on the national senior crown. Reading, music, swimming and handicrafts all vie for time in her busy schedule, but badminton gets first priority. Ameeta realises full well that, at 16, she still has two chances to match Prakash's feat of taking both senior and junior titles at the same Nationals. I for one predict she will achieve her ambition in the 1980-81 Nationals.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

RAJESH : Regaining Lost Ground

These days every Amitabh release poses a one crore question mark in filmdom. More than a crore are locked in the chain of his films to be released. And producers are keeping their fingers crossed at every release. The surprising thing is that producers who have him in their film keep asking anyone and everyone about the box-office ratings of "Natwarlal". According to Jaya, the film has flopped. But due to the strategic position of Rekha in the film, and off it, I cannot take Jaya seriously. "In Punjab it has not fared very well," say the trade papers. And I see a tiny coil of cinegoers outside the theatre window. "Jurmana" is doing well, especially in Bombay. But all the three releases have no V.I.P. escorts. There are no police or lathi charge or stampede for tickets. "Gambler" is an accepted flop. The other two are faring fairly well in certain areas. The fall, rather the come down, is so subtle and noiseless that one rarely notes it except on paper.



Similarly, the rise of Rajesh Khanna is so slow and silent. "Amardeep" is doing well and "Chakravayuha" has not flopped (at least till this goes to press), but he has risen from the shame and embarrassment of "Prem Bandhan" and "Janata Hawaldar". And the reaction of the two stars to their snail speed fall and rise is volcanic. Rajesh Khanna offers champagne instead of tea or coffee and has opened the gates of "Aashirwad" wide and is waiting for the presswallas to record his heart beats every new week.

Amitabh has gone more cranky and sour towards the press and continues to throw out journalists from the sets even if it happens to be a mousy journalist come to interview Mukri.

And whilst Jaya takes the credit and insists Amit is doing what she always wanted to do, I have a strange feeling his renewed resentment towards the press has something to do with a more beddable proposition than Jaya. It could be the reaction to Gulzar removing Rekha from a film when she wanted him to throw a journalist out.

And I wonder what would happen if I accidentally happen to go on Amitabh's set. Surely he is not that old or successful as to forget the time he used to spend in our den. Surely he would recollect his first publicity splash which I gave him (risking the ire of the shirt people whose shirts he modelled; they were so annoyed that I had chosen Amit to model their shirts) Surely he would recollect how ten years ago, before any "Sholay" or "Deewar", I spotted the "frozen fire" in his eyes and took his colour photos besides a stuffed tiger; and how can Jaya ever forget her own statement (all in print) that it was these colour photos that attracted her to Amit, that it was the first time she had set her eyes on him?

I do not believe in loyalty, but I do believe in intelligence and freedom. What I would like to tell Amitabh is, all are entitled to earn their bread, so keep off, at least when I can earn my bread via a Shatrughan Sinha or an obscure Mukri.

BOMBAY

The Maharashtra United Nations' Association celebrated the International Year of the Child with a free medical check-up of children upto 12 years of age by eminent child specialists at the MUNA Medical Unit. Mr. R. K. Batra, Sheriff of Bombay, presided over a function held by MUNA on World Health Day, for which the slogan was 'A healthy child, a sure future.' Kamla V. Tople, Maharashtra's minister for Health, was the chief guest and Dr. P. M. Udani, Director, Institute of Child Health, addressed the gathering.

Dr. S. Govindarajan, Manager, Research & Development, Oberoi Hotels, received the National Young Scientist's Award for distinguished Scientific Research and Technological contribution in the

field of Food Science and Technology at the Taj Intercontinental. This Award was given by the Association of Food Scientists and Technologists at its Annual General Body Meeting which was held at that time. The award consists of a plaque, a citation, and a cash prize of Rs. 1000/- The award is made to a scientist under 35 years.

The work for which Dr. Govindarajan received the Award is increasing the volume of business of frozen vegetarian meals for airlines, development of germicidal soap and detergent for cleaning and dish washing in hotels, growing and processing European herbs such as parsley, thyme, marjoram, and processing food waste, edible garbage (from kitchen) into poultry feed.

An important activity of the National Association for the Blind is research in the field of blind welfare, which is entrusted to the NAB Louis Braille Memorial Re-

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

CALCUTTA

A seminar was organised by the Indian Association for Productivity, Quality and Reliability. The subject was "Quality and the Consumer" and the two-day seminar dealt with "Product Liability and Consumerism" and "Quality and the Foreign Market." The panel discussions on the first day were presided over by Mrs. Renuka Ray, President, Consumer Action Forum, Calcutta, and papers were read by various experts on the subject.

An exhibition of Madhubani paintings displayed in the Cen-

search Centre. This Centre was set up in 1975. The Centre is in need of a good reference library of books like encyclopedias, directories, statistical year books and dictionaries in various languages. The books may also be on eye-diseases and eye-care, training and rehabilitation of the blind, bound volumes of related magazines, books on research-methodology, particularly in social sciences, etc.

Public spirited citizens interested in gifting such books freely to the Centre are requested to contact Prof. M.Y. Bhide, Chairman, NAB Louis Braille Memorial Research Centre, C/o The NAB Workshop for the Blind, Dr. Annie Besant Road, Prabhadevi, Bombay — 400 025.



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1. On the occasion of the silver jubilee of their services as tourist guides are seen from left, Mr. T. Fernandes, Mrs. S. Jagannathan, Regional Director, Government of India Tourist Office, Bombay; Mrs. S. Kalyaniwala and Mr. R. Kulkarni.

2. At a "Go-As-You-Like" contest sponsored by Warren Industrial Ltd. and organised by Nehru Children's Museum in Calcutta are seen Mrs. A. Ray, wife of the Managing Director of M/s. Warren Industrial Ltd., handing over a prize to a winner.

3. Mrs. Bilkees Latif, (at left) wife of Air Chief Marshal Latif, visited the Paraplegic Home at Kirkee, Pune, where she presented a T.V. games set. At centre is Mrs. Asha Suri, wife of Air Cdr. N.C. Suri V.M. Air Officer Commanding, Air Force station, Pune.

tral Gallery of the Academy of Fine Arts again revealed the appeal of unsophisticated folk-art with its pure joyousness of vegetable colours, and its uninhibited brush-work. Most of the Madhubani artists are unlettered village women, using twigs and bamboo sticks for brushes and making their colours from leaf, brickdust and charcoal mixed with goats' milk.

The Calcutta Cine Club Institute held an impressive exhibition on the development of the Bengali Cinema through terracotta sculptures. Fifty pieces marked by smooth sophistication and accuracy, delineated the birth of the Bengali Cinema up to the sixties. Not only eminent directors who made memorable films, but selected scenes from their movies were shown. The two young artists were Purna Pal and Ranjit Sarmar.

Co-sponsored by Warren

Industrial Ltd. and organised by the Nehru Children's Museum, the International Year of the Child was gaily celebrated with a "Go-as-you-like" competition for children. There were a variety of traditional and creative representations which were judged by a panel of stage and screen personalities.

BANGALORE

An exhibition of embroidery, crochet and knitting was organised by Madura Coats (Thread Group) in Bangalore. Sponsored by the Canara Bank Ladies Club, the exhibition was inaugurated by Mrs. Sumathi B. Madiman, Deputy Speaker, Karnataka Legislative Assembly. Intricate, artistic and neatly finished embroidery pieces, collected from various parts of India attracted considerable attention.

Rhythm Group of Artists presented an exhibition of paintings, graphics and sculptures at the Venkatappa Art Gallery. This is the first group exhibition of art by the artists N. Pushpamala, C. Chandra Sekhara, N. Marishamachar, V.A. Deshpande and S.M. Basavaraj.

AHMEDABAD

Mrs. Smita Shastri, Director of the Nartan School of Dances and a fine exponent of Kuchipudi will give a solo performance in U.K., France and West Germany. She is proceeding to London on a invitation from the Lions Club of Finchleo. While in the U.K. she will give dance performances at other Lions Clubs in UK, at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and in the Hare Ram Hare Krishna temples. She has an engagement with the London TV to deliver a talk on the BBC. She will also visit a number of educational insti-

tutions. The Ahmedabad Mayor, Mr. Krishnavadan Joshi, and the Additional Commissioner of Police, Mr. Jashpal Singh were present at a send-off organised by the connoisseurs of art.

CALICUT

Vasanthi Mehta was elected President of the Calicut Inner Wheel Club at a function held at the local Beach Hotel. Rev. Sister Edburga, Principal of the Providence Women's College, who was the chief guest, said that there was vast scope for women in various fields to help the poor and the downtrodden. She complimented the Calicut Inner wheel club on its various magnificent activities and appealed to them to take more interest in saving the poor from their present degradation. Prema Rajaram was elected Secretary of the club for the year.



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4. Bina Narsinhprasad Dhru receives the first prize from Mr. A. Sutaria, president of Maskati Cloth Market Mahajan for the best essay in the essay competition sponsored by the Gujarat branch of Bombay Jiv Daya Mandli for college students in Ahmedabad.

5. At the embroidery exhibition organised by Madura Coats in Bangalore are seen (from left) Mr. K.S. Rao of Madura Coats; Mrs. V. Raghupathy, Mrs. Srimathi, and Mrs. B. Madiman, Deputy speaker, Karnataka Legislative Assembly.

6. Chief Guest Mr. K. K. Shah presents a certificate to Swati Prabodh Raval on the occasion of her Arangetram at Tagore Hall, Ahmedabad.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK JULY 22 — 28, 1979

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

You may already have experienced some unexpected good fortune, but there is more on the way — a rise in your status and prospects, but you must be alert to opportunities, for these could occur suddenly. As your birthday year ends you should be settled in both material matters and in your emotional life. In between, you have a most enjoyable period. Your popularity will be high and friendships will form with the more influential people you are acquainted with. Wedding bells will chime for many Leos. If not, or if you are already married, there will be no shortage of male companionship! If anything, you could be too generous with friends and loved ones or put yourself out for them to an unnecessary degree.

ARIES

(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

New friendships will help your plans; so make fresh contacts, push your personality. Get out as much as you can, explore and experiment, be responsive to new people you meet. Short trips and visits will have a successful outcome.



TAURUS

(Apr. 21 — May 21)

If there is something lacking in your life, set about improving things! It is your week for making friends and influencing others. People will take to your ideas and you can push ahead with confidence. A good time to adjust your budget, also to review current investments and insurance.



GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

Planetary movements are favourable for business matters and give your affairs a boost. More vitality and enthusiasm. Good news, probably, this week, also some unusual invitations which hold a hint of romance.



CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

You are always helping others, but this week try to get others to do a few things for you! You will have a willing response. Your ambitions are favoured; friends and relatives will give you support. Get busy now if you have home improvements in mind.



LEO

(July 24 — Aug. 23)

Most of the planets are smiling on you. The influence of Jupiter, especially, is strong — a very lucky factor, lasting for some time. A romantic opportunity is coming your way look ahead with happy anticipation!



VIRGO

(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Expansion for the remainder of 1979 — and into 1980 is indicated. A special influence will favour your hopes and aims, and you must make the most of opportunities. Gather full data if you intend to make changes.



LIBRA

(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

Make the most of leisure time and new meetings, and don't stick in the same old groove. New experiences will benefit you, so should be cultivated. Businesswise, you will do better over a friendly drink or meal than at plodding routine work.



SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

If life is too quiet now, soon you might find the pace a little too lively. Fortunate starry influences will shortly be affecting you; the social scene will be good, with friends providing generous hospitality. Careerwise, a new opportunity will emerge.



SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

Your stars favour legal matters, technical issues, meetings with professionals." If you have connections overseas, it could mean good news or a travel arrangement. There will be a lightening of the atmosphere shortly and you should get a reward for recent effort.



CAPRICORN

(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

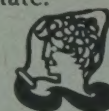
Although patient, you could find yourself getting steamed up over trivialities. Things just won't go your way for a time, but organise and deal with minor problems as they arise rather than get into a state.



AQUARIUS

(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Things are moving for you in more ways than one. You will soon see where you are heading. No need to have a conscience about dodging people who impose or waste your time, or who irritate you. Make way for new relationships.



PISCES

(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Beneficial phase for you and for loved ones. The stars are influencing your love life quite dynamically, bringing sudden attachments, although perhaps a conflict of loyalties too. A relative has good news to impart at the weekend.



The true essentials of a feast are only fun and feed.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

After a good dinner one may forgive anyone, even one's relations.

Oscar Wilde

A man is what he eats.

Ludwig Feuerbach

Fate cannot harm me; I have dined today.

Sydney Smith

An empty stomach is not a good political adviser

Albert Einstein

I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else.

Samuel Johnson

The trouble with what "just melts in your mouth" is the way it bulges in front of your mirror.

Kay Stevens

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT FOOD AND EATING

Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are.

Anthelme Brillat-Savarin

The whole of nature, as has been said, is a conjugation of the verb to eat, in the active and the passive.

W. R. Inge

Life, within doors, has few pleasanter prospects than a neatly-arranged and well-provisioned breakfast-table.

Nathaniel Hawthorne

Where the guests at a gathering are well-acquainted, they eat 20 per cent more than they otherwise would.

E. W. Howe

A good meal ought to begin with hunger.

French Proverb

I have known many meat eaters to be far more non-violent than vegetarians.

Mahatma Gandhi

A gourmet is just a glutton with brains.

Phillip W. Haberman Jr.

To him who is stinted of food a boiled turnip will relish like a roast fowl.

Sa'di

A full stomach supports moral precepts.

Burmese Proverb

An empty stomach will not listen to anything.

Spanish Proverb

David Gunston

Now and then,
 Alberto da Vinci takes time off
 from la dolce vita to design a
 \$ 5000 cocktail dress for a
 swinging princess, a scarf for
 a Milan house of fashion...
 and two bedsheets
 for New Great Mills.

Ah...the good life!
 Senor da Vinci and
 his collection of cars,
 speedboats and
 horses, and his wine
 cellar and his kennel
 full of pedigree
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 loving man. And so
 wealthy. After all, he
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